Radio Mirror

May
15¢

Jane Pickens

Young Widder Brown

•

Life Can Be Beautiful

Just One Cake of Camay and Skin's Softer, Smoother!

It's captivating—the clearer, fresher, softer complexion that comes with your *first* cake of Camay! So tonight, change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin.

MRS. DANIEL F. CALDEMEYER
the former Muriel Lunger of Evansville, Ind.
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard

MRS. CALDEMEYER'S STORY

Maryland Hayride: Off on a fun-filled hayride, under bright Baltimore skies, Muriel and Dan pair up. It's his hand, and heart, to "the loveliest girl of all"—to Muriel of the softly luminous complexion! "I thank Camay, and its mild care, for my skin's fresher glow," says Muriel. "My very *first* cake brought a new, clearer look."

Coming— a home for two! A Colonial—in Evansville—with wide terraces planned for buffets and barbecues. "I'll go to Evansville as Dan's bride—and to look the part, to keep my skin's sparkle, I'll stay with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." *Really mild—Camay cleanses without irritation.* Make *your* skin lovelier, too—full directions on every Camay wrapper!

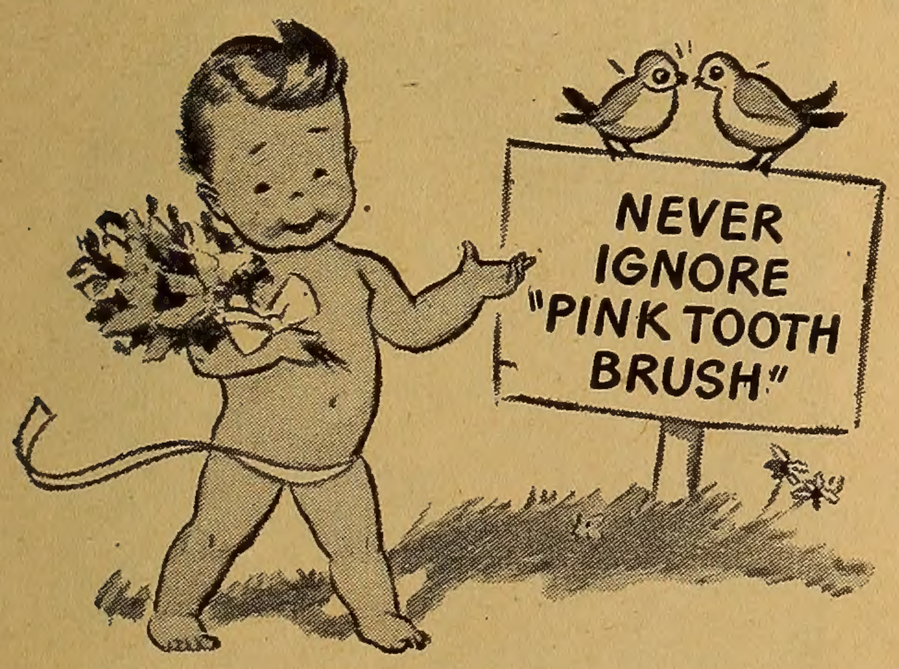
Please—be Camay-careful. Make each cake last, for precious materials go into soap.

"Loafer! Miser! Tightwad!"

CUPID: Loafer, huh? And who was it just now helped you catch the bride's bouquet? And who–

BRIDESMAID: *Bouquet,* hah! Listen, Cupid, I've caught enough brides' bouquets to start a florist shop! I want to catch a man!

CUPID: You'd never know it the way you go around glooming at people! Don't you know what a sparkling smile can do for a girl . . . and *to* a man?



BRIDESMAID: Sure . . . but who's got the sparkling smile? Me? Nuh-uh! I brush my teeth, but . . . well, dull, dingy . . .

CUPID: Oh? And "pink" on your tooth brush, too?

BRIDESMAID: Only since last week.

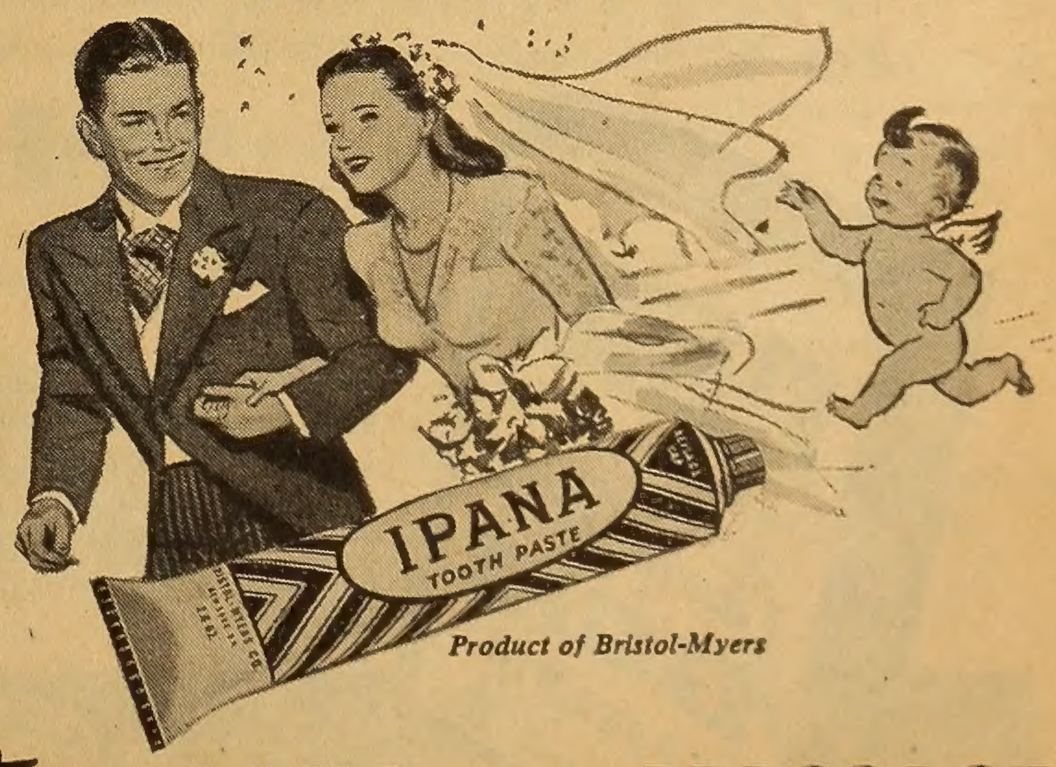
CUPID: Well, didn't the dentist–

BRIDESMAID: What dentist?

CUPID: *What* dentist? Listen, you sweet little idiot, don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist right away?* He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

BRIDESMAID: . . . so then the cute little rabbit went lippety-lip down the road, and–look, Little One, what's all that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: In a word: Plenty! A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you'll help yourself to healthier gums and sounder teeth. And a smile full of sparkle! Start today, Sugar!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty IPANA AND MASSAGE

R M 1

MAY, 1946

Radio Mirror

VOL. 25, NO. 6

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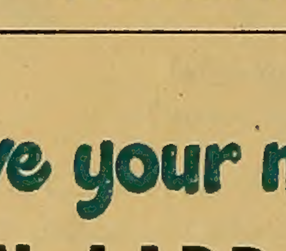
ON THE COVER—Jane Pickens, CBS Singing Star; Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios

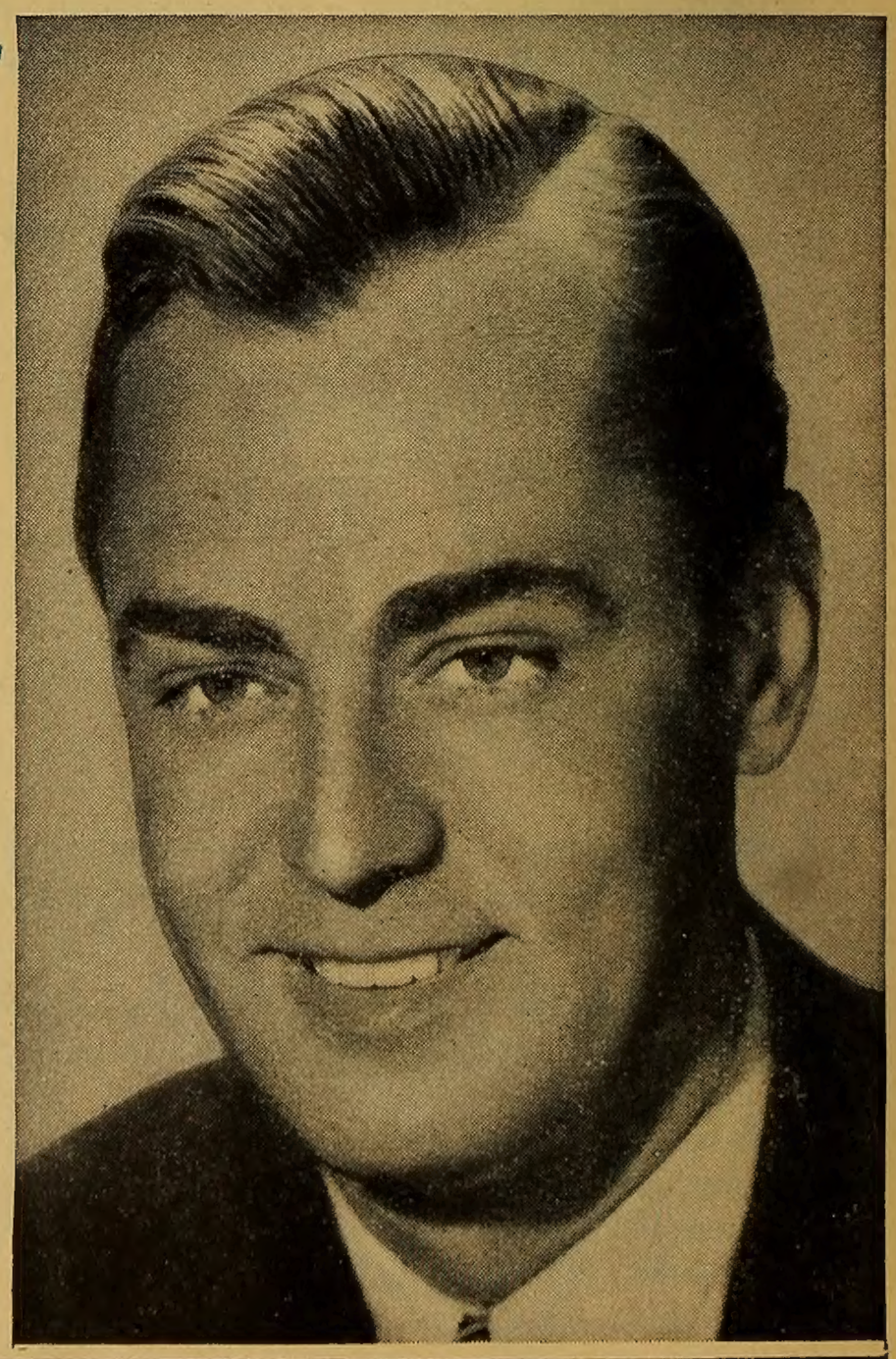
"You don't have to love your neighbor" says ALAN LADD

starring in "THE BLUE DAHLIA," a Paramount picture

"If he's a right guy, you like him; if not, you don't. The important thing is to judge people as individuals . . . by their words and deeds, not by their religion or race or color. Give him a chance to show his stuff...the same chance you'd want!"

One of a series of messages presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.





FLEER'S is the delicious candy-coated gum, with the *extra* peppermint flavor. It's attractive, delightful! Five cents for twelve flavorful fleerlets that pop out one at a time from the handy package. You'll like Fleer's...Try it today!

Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

INTRODUCING

TED MALONE

TED MALONE'S "Between the Bookends" has become a household phrase to millions of homes all over America. It offers the relaxation and pleasure that comes of reading, or hearing on the radio, old favorites, the joy of discovering new ones. Because Between the Bookends is a familiar and beloved institution, Radio Mirror is very proud to announce that this poetry page will become a regular monthly feature of the magazine, beginning with the June issue.

Of this new feature, Ted Malone says, "I want to make it a meeting place for the writers of poetry who read Radio Mirror, and for all of those who truly enjoy reading it. I want to bring to the page some of the excellent poetry which ordinary men and women, all over the country, are writing today, and also some of the 'old friends' that have been favorites for many years."

Radio Mirror, in cooperation with Mr. Malone, is offering substantial purchase prices each month for the original poem, sent in by a reader, which Ted Malone considers best of those received during that month. See the announcement below.

Here, as a sample of what is to come, is an "old friend," selected by Ted Malone:

Memory

My mind lets go a thousand things
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild rose tree.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Ted Malone's Pocketbook of Popular Verse

RADIO MIRROR
will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

For the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers, by Ted Malone. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted, which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends page.

LISTEN TO TED MALONE, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY OVER ABC, AT 11:45 A.M., EST.

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More than your feathers say "Ostrich," Angel

You're playing "Ostrich," too—when you fail to guard against underarm odor.

YOU CERTAINLY know your negligees, Honey—as that smooth little ostrich number reveals.

The trouble is you're imitating that bird in more ways than one. Why act like an ostrich and close your eyes to underarm odor? Others will notice—even if *you* don't.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration —leaves you fresh as a primrose. But for protection against *future* underarm odor, smart girls go for Mum.

Snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you safe all day or evening. Keeps you nice to be near. And who doesn't admire *that* charm in a girl?

Gentle Mum is safe and quick to use, even *after* dressing. Harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

RM

George, confronting Gracie's new hat, speaks his mind on NBC's Coffee Time.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

Ted Malone, ensnared into a guest appearance on MBS's Leave It To The Girls, takes on a formidable trio: Maggi McNellis, Paula Stone, Martha Rountree.

AT LAST, radio is getting really sensible. It's letting the young folks tend to themselves. We're thinking of ABC's fairly new show, Teen Town, a program for young people entirely produced by teen-agers. And there's no soap about that, either. Mary Hartline who leads the twenty-piece orchestra is eighteen. The two regular vocalists, Joanell and Tom Frankini, are seventeen and eighteen respectively. Fashion and etiquette counsellor, Rosemarie Garbell, is fifteen. And the writer of the program is fifteen year old Bob Summerfield.

The kids do fine, too, and their freshness of approach has a thing or two to teach their more adult and perhaps slightly cynical confreres.

* * *

Here's a note for the National Safety League. Billy Leach, vocalist with the Guy Lombardo outfit, has been sporting a cast on his arm the past couple of weeks. Billy returned to his singing chores after a long stretch in the Navy. He went through four invasions in Europe and the South Pacific without a scratch. Then on his way to a rehearsal one morning, he got in a bit too much of a hurry, slid halfway to the door on a rug—and—wham! he broke his arm.

* * *

It's a question who got the most education out of a tour taken recently by a group of Egyptian students through Radio City in New York—the students or their pretty guidette. The students were sufficiently impressed with what they saw, especially the Television studios, in which they were given a chance to perform for one another. But their comments were equally educational for the guidette, who got from their scattered remarks a more intimate and correct picture of Egypt than she had from many other sources. She learned, for instance, that a pair of nylons sells for $40 in Cairo and cosmetics reach prices around $60 for an item and that, therefore, the Egyptian students' first impressions of America were that this is indeed a land of the greatest possible wealth, for who but the very wealthy could afford to go about as well dressed and prettily made-up as the average American girl?

* * *

We hear that Frank Sinatra has a secret ambition, which he's doing his best to realize. He's trying to sell somebody the idea of making a movie based on the life of Tom Paine—and letting our boy play the part of the famous Revolutionary writer and spokesman for the rights of the common man. You know, we're kind of for that. Considering the way Frank Sinatra has pitched in on so many of the injustices and issues of the day, we think maybe he has a right to ask for a part like this. At least, he's not conforming to the old ham ambition of the traditional clown who wants to play "Hamlet."

* * *

People do get ideas from radio and put them to good use. The kids at a school in Owingsville, Kentucky, needed an idea for a money making concession at a charity fair they were running. One bright youngster, a fan of the Lum 'n' Abner show, talked them into setting up a booth called "The Jot 'Em Down Store and Library," in the school. The store sells books, clothes, canned goods, jewelry, soap and antique dishes. The saleskids all wear costumes based on their ideas of what the characters in the show look like. And the take for the first day the store was open was $45—not bad for kids in a school.

* * *

The theater bug has hit Johnnie Gibson, who plays that wonderful character of the bartender in Crime Photographer. But Johnnie isn't waiting for Broadway producers to come pounding on his door. He's going to have a theater all his own and have his own fun in it. He's building it himself, from his own plans, in the basement of his home out at Great Neck, Long Island. Hope he'll invite us to the opening. And—maybe—we might be asked to make a "personal" appearance??

* * *

Kate Smith had a sad little domestic situation in the animal department a while back. Some of her listener fans sent her a lovely Persian kitten as a gift. The little big-shot and main attention-getter in the Smith menage for some time, now, has been Freckles, Kate's cocker spaniel. Kate tried to reconcile her two pets, but Freckles' normally sad-eyed look grew sadder

"Did I dare to tell her?"

AS Spencer said "Good night" I could tell from the troubled look in Marian's eyes that he was walking out of her life as so many other attractive men had done. And I knew it was for the same reason! As one of her older friends, dared I tell her what this intimate reason was? Or should I stand mutely by seeing her make the same mistake that so many women make over and over again?

For a long time I hesitated then I broke it to her as tactfully as I could. She flushed scarlet.

"Why, Ann, it's unthinkable! I'm so fastidious! It can't be true. It *can't!*"

"But, Marian," I protested, "surely I would not put myself in this humiliating position if it were not."

"Of course. Forgive me."

"Do you remember Blake . . . how quickly he drifted away? And Tompkins? How eager he was to meet you and how soon he lost interest?"

Marian nodded.

"Well, darling, *that* was the reason. Blake came right out and said so and Tompkins and two or three others hinted as much. I wanted to tell you then but the subject* seemed so delicate I just couldn't."

Marian gulped. "I'm ever so grateful," she said. "What a fool I've been. Wait and see how different things are going to be—*and I'm getting Spencer back!*"

* * *

Don't make the mistake of assuming that your breath is always agreeable. It might be off-color this very moment without your knowing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath)*. You may offend others without realizing it.

Don't Take Chances

Isn't it silly, then, to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution? This wonderful antiseptic helps to make the breath sweeter, more appealing. Never, *never* omit it before social and business engagements.

While some cases of off-color breath are systemic, some authorities declare that most cases are caused by the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. At once your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

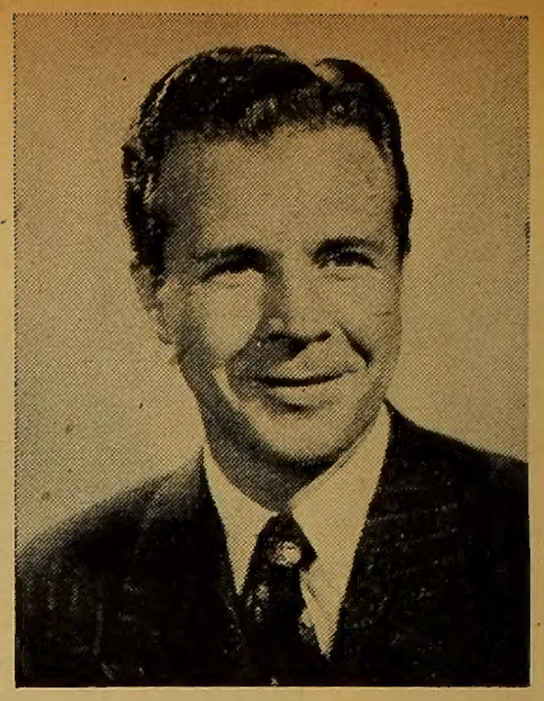
Remember to use Listerine Antiseptic the next time you have a date. It pays.

R M

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Lovely Madge Evans joins the Leave It To The Girls glamor panel.

Trouble, as usual, for Les Tremayne and Claudia Morgan, of CBS's Adventures of The Thin Man.



Thursday night guide to MBS's Rogues Gallery, handsome Dick Powell.

and sadder and his appetite grew smaller and smaller. Kate was forced to give the kitten to a neighbor, to ease her own as well as the spaniel's heart. Guess seniority works in lots of places.

* * *

"Jack Armstrong" and "Billie Fairfield," these days have a certain air of reality and truth about them when they travel to strange parts of the world on the Jack Armstrong show.

Charles Flynn recently resumed his role as Jack after spending 18 months in the Navy. Among a number of places, he was stationed at Tacloban, Leyte. And John Gannon, the original "Billie" of the series, was in the Army since March 1943. As a staff sergeant, he was stationed in Egypt, Persia, Greece, Italy and Sicily—all of them countries he had already visited on the air-waves, before he enlisted.

* * *

We like the way James Melton keeps in trim at rehearsals. He never uses a microphone in any portion of the pre-broadcast period. Even during the studio warm-up, Melton addresses the studio audience, waiting for the "on the air" signal, without benefit of mike. "After all," Jimmy says, "there are no microphones at the Metropolitan." He has a point there.

* * *

You've heard of "Oscars." Well, in radio parlance an "Oscar" is a very different thing from the bronze figure awarded to outstanding movie actors every year. We only found out recently what a radio "Oscar" is, incidentally.

We attended a broadcast of one of Ann Sothern's shows while she was in New York and were surprised to hear her asking for her "Oscar" and even more surprised to find out that one had to be specially constructed for her. In radio talk, an "Oscar" is a 4 foot high circular railing to which actors and actresses can cling while they're talking into the microphone. Performers like Ann, who simply must have their "Oscar," insist that it steadies them and reduces nervousness and mike-fright.

* * *

Pity the poor sound effects man every time you hear things like bodies falling and faces being slapped. Chances usually are that the falling body is exactly that—the falling body of the sound effects man landing with a thud. Harry Essman, one of the sound effects staff at CBS, was beefing the other day after a This Is My Best broadcast. The script that day called for several sound slaps in the face to be heard. Essman slapped his own face, naturally and as the custom in radio goes. He slapped his right cheek so many times during rehearsal that he had to go to work on the left one during the broadcast—which made both sides of his face pretty sore.

* * *

Odd Facts Department . . . Did you know that until about fifty years ago the traditional way to present opera was with the house lights full on? When Toscanini conducted the world premiere of "La Boheme" in Italy half a century ago, he insisted that the house lights be turned off—thus starting the present and universal custom.

* * *

Fluffing—that business of spluttering over words, or misreading them, or breaking up the show—is a constant fear for most radio performers. Sometimes, it's just funny. Sometimes, it can ruin a swell program. Parks Johnson and Warren Hull have thought up a fine way to cut fluffs down to a minimum on the Vox Pop program. It costs them money every time they fluff. The fluff fund goes to the Red Cross.

* * *

New writers are always complaining about the lack of opportunity for their work in radio—and to some extent with justice. It's rather difficult to place your work, if you're not known and if you don't happen to be near some major network, or one of its bigger outlets. Another gripe young writers have is that frequently, although their work is accepted and performed, the pay is very small compared with the money dished out to the better-established writers.

Well, a couple of places are opening up. There's the Columbia Workshop, which is always on the lookout for new talent—and gives scripts by unknowns superb productions. The pay isn't so high for acceptances—but it does serve as a swell showcase. Then, there's Mutual's Carrington Playhouse, a real opportunity. Mutual, because the set-up can't stand a deluge of scripts at the moment, has a system. New writers wishing to submit material for consideration for the program should write for entry blanks to Carrington Playhouse, Post Office Box 140, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

Two hundred dollars will be paid for each script accepted with a special award of $500 going to the writer of the best script produced in each 13-week period that the show is on the air. The show is personally handled by Elaine Carrington.

* * *

Our grapevine tells us that Paul Lavalle's latest discovery will soon make her New York debut under the guidance of the maestro. She's eighteen year old Delores Claman, a Canadian pianist-composer, studying in New York on a scholarship to the Juilliard School of Music. Lavalle heard a performance of Miss Claman's two-piano concerto and promptly took the girl under his wing. This is something we've always found interesting about good musicians. Like Lavalle, most of the best people in music always seem to feel that new talent has to be helped along.

* * *

GOSSIP FROM HITHER AND YON. . . . Arthur Godfrey has branched out as M. C. in the Broadway revue "Three To Make Ready". . . . Now James Melton's turned author. Everybody wants to get in on the writing racket! Jimmy's working on a history of the automobile, from its earliest stages to the modern streamlined models. . . . "The Satisfiers," Helen Carroll, Ted Hansen, Art Lambert and Bob Lang, quartetters on the Supper Club Show, have been signed by RCA Victor to make records. . . . The Lone Ranger is entering real adolescence. It's now in its fourteenth year on the air. . . . The McClure Newspaper Syndicate is now distributing a cartoon strip based on the radio show Archie Andrews. Drawings done by artist Bob Montana . . . The story of Bill Stern's life may be made into a movie. Cute angle is that when Bill, approached by a major film company with the idea, said, "Okay—and how's about I play myself?", he was nixed for the role, because he wasn't the type! . . . Kenny Delmar had to turn down two picture offers because of his radio commitments. A contract's a contract, it would seem. . . . Universal Pictures is working out plans to make a series of shorts based on Ed Wynn's hilarious parodies on opera. . . . Which seems a happy note to say so-long and pleasant listening on. . . .

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stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely![1]

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort . . . liquid or cream . . . meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

★ In the same familiar package . . . marked with a star above the price

The New Look for Summer

The superb wide skirt . . . for graceful dancing! The wide midriff waistband . . . to make your waist divinely slim! The camisole blouse of white eyelet embroidery, to make you look so beguiling! And Arrid, to *keep* you looking that way. Use Arrid daily . . . No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!

Only safe, gentle Arrid

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2. *Nearly twice as effective* in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. *Safe for skin.* Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!

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Some of the many Stars who use Arrid:

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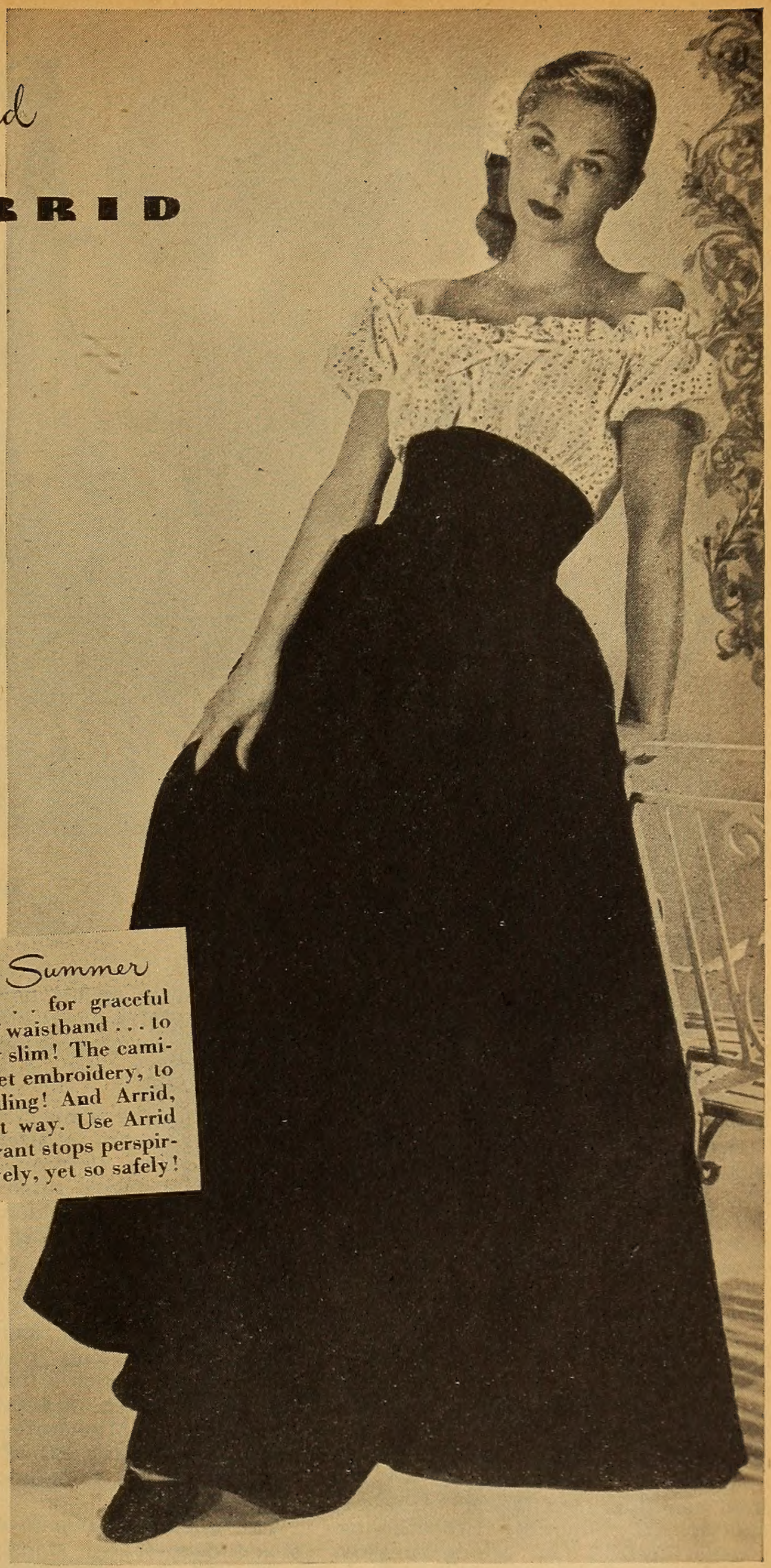
Jane Froman • Diana Barrymore • Jessica Dragonette



THREE IMPORTANT FASHION NOTES! The bare-shoulder look of the new drawstring neckline. The perky look of the new puffed sleeves. The immaculate look of clothes protected by daily use of the new, improved Arrid. Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

ARRID... nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) *Based on tests of leading and other deodorants*

R M

Cedric Adams hosts vivacious opera star Nadine Connor, one of the famous visitors to his noontime Open House, WCCO, Minneapolis

Miracle Man

By CARL WARD

FROM out of the Northwest, home of legendary characters, comes the story of a modern-day Paul Bunyan, whose accomplishments are performed by wit and the power of words.

When the Army wanted two pianos to send to its men stationed at remote Alaskan bases, this Miracle Man of Radio told the story just once—and the Army had to send in extra C-54's to haul away a total of nineteen good pianos.

When he decided fireworks were a menace to life and limb, this magician of the microphone conducted a personal lobby that overcame resistance of fireworks manufacturers, and as a result the Minnesota legislature banned firecrackers from the state.

Such happenings are minor events in the crowded life of Cedric Adams, genial, smiling, self-labeled "Rotund Reporter" of Columbia Broadcasting System's WCCO in Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Cedric, and no one calls him anything else, is a character a fiction writer might have created. Lovable, admittedly lazy, he gets more accomplished with less apparent effort than half-a-dozen high-pressure types could do on the same job.

At forty-two Cedric has the grin of a small boy, the enthusiasm of a teenage youngster, and the insatiable curiosity that is supposed to be, but often isn't, the characteristic of a top-flight reporter. And in everything he does, whether it's his radio newscasting, his work as master-of-ceremonies on several programs, or his newspaper column in the Minneapolis *Star-Journal*, there is something typically unique that can only be described as "Adamsesque."

Probably none of his classmates during the nine years he attended Minnesota University (without obtaining a degree) would have voted him a likely $60,000-a-year-man, which is an understatement of his earnings. They would have said, "Cedric is a heck of a swell guy," or "Cedric might be a joke-writer for Captain Billy's Whiz Bang," which he was. But anyway, Cedric achieved easy-going popularity and has maintained such a friendly, homey outlook that even residents of his native Adrian, Minnesota—thousandish and apt to be critical of "putting on airs"—are proud to claim him as their own.

This friendly, down-to-earth quality, plus a deep-seated, sincere interest in humanity, is probably as much responsible as anything else for the fact that Cedric's 12:30 newscast has the highest Hooper Rating of any newscast in the Twin Cities; for that matter, the highest Hooper of any daytime show, network or locally produced. And in a recent statewide poll, he topped all other radio personalities, including network stars.

The Adams influence seems to be absolutely irresistible, whether exerted personally, via radio, or on the printed page. Once he presented a story about an elderly couple who had been enroute to pay their taxes, and had lost the sum they saved—$37. He suggested that friendly folk of the Northwest help out with a "Parade of Pennies." No sooner had Cedric made the suggestion than 57,000 pennies arrived by mail.

This year, Cedric will use his Parade of Pennies to finance his annual Orphans and Underprivileged Children's Picnic. Seven thousand underprivileged children will be taken by train to Excelsior Park, eighteen miles from Minneapolis, where they will get free rides, free drinks, a steamboat ride, and a general good time. For many, it will be the first train and boat ride.

The Adams style of living is just as unique as his radio presentations. Cedric sleeps four hours a night, but admits he "naps" repeatedly during the day, and goes around half-asleep all the time, so he gets plenty of rest.

Listeners want to know his personal habits. They write numberless fan letters, wanting to know about his charming wife; his three boys, David, twelve; Cedric, Jr., nine; and Stephen, eight; about the costume parties when members of the radio crowd invade his house to outdo each other with outlandish garb; and about the thirty-foot speedboat on Lake Minnetonka where he spends three weeks each summer. At the Lake, Cedric's three boys run an ice cube business each season, showing their dad's enterprise by delivering ice cubes by rowboat and outboard motor. Cedric says they make almost as much money with their business as "the old man" does.

MRS. GEORGE MURPHY—
delightful wife of the debonair screen star.

"Entrancing!"

says Mrs. George Murphy

"No wonder the smartest lips in Hollywood are cheering for TANGEE RED-RED!"

Tangee Red-Red is not only a favorite in hard-to-please Hollywood—it's the world's most popular lipstick shade. This rich, rare red is both exciting and inviting—both alluring and enduring... because Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish means lips not too dry, not too moist... lipstick that stays on for many extra hours.

AT LAST...

A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

The perfect cake make-up is here! Some cake make-ups pleased you in one way...some in another... but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal *in every way!* It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect your skin—and does not make you look as if you were wearing a mask.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of the world famous Tangee Red-Red Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be

R
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Through Thick and Thin..

No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek . . . DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.

These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they're made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

R
M

FACING the MUSIC

The Nelson-Hilliard domestic tangles, CBS, are musically backed by the King Sisters.

By KEN ALDEN

GINNY SIMMS, her radio show and the stork, are in a three way race. Ginny expects her heir or heiress in July. This would work out splendidly because the singer's CBS program will be off for a summer vacation by that time, and Ginny would not have program worries. But the stork isn't obligated to any sponsor. Incidentally, Ginny's sponsor has another expected blessed event. Elsie the Cow is due to have another calf. That's good moos too.

* * *

The Ozzie Nelson-Harriet Hilliard comedy show has clicked so handsomely that all plans of Ozzie and his attractive wife to resume their bandstand work have been permanently shelved.

* * *

The exciting arrangements heard on the new Johnny Desmond show are those of orchestra leader Jerry Gray, ex-GI. Before he was in the Army, Jerry did most of Artie Shaw's arranging. Jerry is a retiring chap, frightened of newspaper interviewers.

* * *

Take a note: They'll deny it but all is not sweetness and light between Perry Como and Jo Stafford. . . . Most courageous musician in the business is ex-GI Herbie Fields who joined up with Lionel Hampton's orchestra. He is the only white musician playing in a Negro band. . . . Marion Hutton is expecting her second child. . . . Singer Bob Eberle will be a father by the time you read this. . . . Georgie Auld has disbanded his orchestra because of illness. . . . Despite its discouragingly low rating, Woody Herman's radio sponsor is keeping the show on the air. . . . For the first time in years Kate Smith didn't rank among the leaders in the annual popularity polls.

* * *

George Hall is trying to make a comeback as a bandleader after several years of sitting on the sidelines managing singer Dolly Dawn.

* * *

Don't give the horse laugh to this story because it's true. Jean Tennyson, singing star of Great Moments in Music, likes relaxing in those ancient horse-and-buggies that lounge outside the venerable Hotel Plaza. On her last cruise through Central Park she noticed that the nag pulling the vehicle looked as if he needed someone to pull him. Jean investigated and acted. Today the horse is grazing on Jean's Connecticut farm, and a younger horse is on the hack line.

* * *

Dinah Shore called off her eastern trip because husband George Montgomery couldn't accompany her. The latter is busy making a movie at 20th Century Fox.

Eddie Cantor and his pianist accompanist, Bea Walker, have turned songwriters. Their two hit tunes are "Gotta Learn How to Love You" and "Who Told You That Lie?" Cantor's recent investment in a Broadway musical comedy, "Nellie Bly" cost him $275,000.

* * *

Sammy Kaye's excellent theater feature "So You Want To Lead a Band" is now an ABC radio program, but it needs television to get across. Be patient.

HORN OF PLENTY

When Ginger Rogers won first prize in a Charleston contest down in Texas, the spirited kid trumpeter down in the orchestra pit, giving out with those extra special hot licks, was Leonard Sues.

When Judy Garland was the better half of a new nightclub act called The Gumm Sisters, breaking in at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, the young man with the horn, setting the fast-paced accompaniment, was Leonard Sues.

When Deanna Durbin chirped her teen-age larynx in one of her early talkies, the kid symphony conductor that backed her up on the sound track was Leonard Sues.

And when a gaunt young Broadway actor, disconsolate from one flop after another, finally achieved recognition after a movie scout saw him in "Sons and Soldiers" the first to wish Gregory Peck good luck was his eager dressing-roommate, Leonard Sues.

With all this star dust falling so closely around him, it was only a question of time until the boyish Texan-born trumpeter would reap his own personal rainbow.

"Not that I wasn't doing all right up to this time," Leonard told me between forkfuls of spaghetti in an Italian restaurant, "but it was usually as a member of the supporting cast."

The break came when Leonard least expected it, while vacationing in the Catskills, at Grossinger's. The Catskills are affectionately known as Broadway's

Leonard Sues, latest in the long line of Eddie Cantor discoveries, now leads the comic's orchestra.

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU CAN SLIP ON YOUR SLIP

Look for this new, excitingly different idea in deodorants. Ask for new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant... *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can slip on your slip.* Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords other greatly needed blessings too: Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar. *And really protects up to 3 days.*

Change to new ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-fast... super-modern . . . excitingly different.

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CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars... 39¢

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BESTFORM

Girdles

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All-in-ones

no finer fit at any price

Bestform Foundations, Inc. • 64 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

borsht belt and Grossinger's is the outstanding retreat for "best celebrities."

"They have informal entertainment, and with little urging I got up and played," recalled Sues.

A pop-eyed, familiar-looking little man way down front led the cheering squad after Leonard finished his performance. It was Eddie Cantor. Cantor, an impulsive, but nonetheless shrewd showman, cornered the trumpeter.

"You're great," enthused Cantor. "Ever lead a band?"

"Why, yes," spluttered Sues.

"Want to work for me?"

"Why, yes," again replied Sues, who at that moment was not worrying about bright dialogue.

"Meet me at the Waldorf next Wednesday," concluded Cantor, and as an afterthought, added, "and bring your lawyer, your manager or your mother, whichever one handles your contracts."

Before Sues could say thanks, Cantor was up on the stage singing "Margie" and selling $300,000 worth of War Bonds.

Sues' next meeting didn't last much longer.

"It was no weekend at the Waldorf, but when I left, I was signed as Mr. Cantor's orchestra leader."

When I saw Leonard, he was back in New York with the Cantor radio troupe and had seen spirited service with the great man for almost two years. In his bulging breast pocket was a new five-year contract. The brown-eyed, black-haired, medium-built bandleader had his rosy future cut out for him. And just last month, he celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday.

Leonard was born in El Paso, Texas. His father, a Texas advertising man, never got a chance to help decide his son's career. When most other kids were reading the alphabet, Leonard was shaking his curly head to the tempos of the family phonograph. In a Houston pageant, Leonard made his professional debut.

"As Neptune's son. My diaper was made of sea weed. But I didn't care. I won first prize."

A musician friend watched the

Overnight...

LOVELIER HAIR FOR YOU!

You, too, can look lovelier, more glamorous, with one overnight application of Glover's for natural color-tones, sparkling highlights, the soft beauty of hair well-groomed. Try *all* three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in the complete 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today!

FREE TRIAL SIZE — Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with useful booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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Send Free Trial Application in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, in plain wrapper by return mail. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Border Pattern *"BIB-ALL" Apron

Gay as a wink,
practical as a pin . . .
an apron by Starcross, Inc.!
Designed in checked cotton, this streamlined "BIB-ALL" has a colorful fruit border for that merry madcap touch. Twin pockets for convenience. . . . form-fitting darts for snugness, it slips on easily, leaving every curl in place. All this and coverage, too!

*"BIB-ALL" - Protection of a coverall - Smartness of a bib apron!

STARCROSS, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y. GREENVILLE, S. C.

Ina Ray Hutton's newly reorganized band comes back to the air after a cross-country tour.

Star of NBC's Solitair Time, featured on the Eileen Barton show—singer Warde Donovan.

youngster do his phonograph contortions, talked to Leonard's proud mother.

"The kid has natural rhythm and timing. He should play an instrument. I'll teach him."

After some arduous training, Leonard was good enough to play at Houston's Metropolitan theater. He was seven.

"I was no Jackie Cooper, but they liked me."

Sues, accompanied by his mother, then played the whole Southern Paramount-Publix circuit. By the time he was twelve, he was an accomplished trumpeter and performer.

"I enjoyed it immensely. People used to be begging other trumpeters for their autographs. As for me, they just liked to pat my head."

A born trouper and showman, Leonard put on the precocious act, affected an innocent, child-like stare and boyish, shy grin. He hasn't lost it and it now serves as a fine butt for Cantor's gag writers.

Sues' barnstorming brought him finally to Hollywood, where the late Ben Bernie predicted he would click. Here he worked with Vincent Lopez, Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin and met other ambitious youngsters at Lawlor's Professional Children's school.

"I'm still good friends with Judy," stated Leonard, "even though I introduced her to Dave Rose." The latter was once married to Judy.

Leonard appeared in quite a few films, among them "Babes in Arms," "That Certain Age" and "What A Life."

Then he came east and appeared in three Broadway shows, "Johnny 2 by 4," "Beat the Band" and "Sons and Soldiers."

Leonard is a bachelor; lives in a modest Hollywood apartment with his proud youthful-looking mother. His brother, Jack, who used to play drums in the Sues kid act, is now Joan Davis' press agent.

The trumpeter has two major hobbies; playing old, rare records made by the late, great trumpeter, Bix Beiderbecke, Leonard's idol, and going to see revivals of famous movies. He and Judy Garland have both seen "Count

FOR BEAUTY THAT BLOOMS

in your skin...

Spring-clean with Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment . . . help rid your skin of dry outer flakes . . . dirt that clogs pore openings.

Does *your* skin look dull and tired—just when you want a brighter "new face" to go with your pretty Spring clothes? Then get busy. Today give yourself an Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. *Repeat once a week.* Then, *every day,* the beauty care of Homogenized Facial Cream. Here's how:

Once a week . . . this thrilling beauty mask!

Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while mask dries (8 to 10 minutes). Marvelous, the stimulating effect on tense, drab skin as this beauty mask helps to rid pore openings of wastes. As it helps to flake away dry, faded "top skin".

Instantly, you'll see a fresher new glow to your skin. A brighter tone, coaxed by White Clay Pack's gentle *blushing action.* And you'll feel a satin-smoothness that means more glamour for your make-up. A glamour you'll help to guard this easy, effective way . . .

Daily . . . to safeguard your clearer skin

To cleanse, lubricate and soften your skin—to accent the beauty of your weekly White Clay Pack—use Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. Like this:

Pat on with upward, outward strokes, right from the base of your neck (see diagram). Remove. Then feel the exquisite new softness of your cheek—the smoother texture. For extra dry skin, smooth on a thin film of Homogenized Facial Cream after your weekly White Clay Pack and as a beautifying night cream. Give your skin a "dewy" young look that's lovelier—and loved!

Edna Wallace Hopper

Twin Treatment R M

for a lovelier, younger look

"Answer fairly... are you giving in to Periodic Pain?"

If your answer is "*NO*", chances are you *know about* and *use* Midol.

If your answer is "*YES*", and you haven't tried Midol, you may be passing up comfort which millions of women now enjoy!

You see, Midol tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. Their action is *prompt* and *sure*. They contain no opiates, yet get to work quickly in *three ways* to bring welcome relief from menstrual pain and discomfort: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Let Midol prove that you can enjoy life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" might make you miserable. Get Midol today at any drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.
Write Dept. N-56, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N.Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

of Monte Cristo" fifteen times. Now, when he goes to the movies, his cinema partner is movie actress Virginia Weidler.

"Anything serious in that, or are you just movie dates?" I asked.

Leonard rolled his eyes, brought forth a youthful grin and said, "If one of Mr. Cantor's writers were here, I'd have a nifty answer."

NEW RECORDS

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

DICK HAYMES: Theme song from "Fallen Angel" just as it spins its juke box way into the hearts of Dana Andrews and Linda Darnell. A Haymes honey. (Decca)

* * *

BING CROSBY: The Master manfully wrestles with two mediocre tunes, "Day by Day" and "Prove It By The Things You Do" and, as expected, comes out on top. (Decca)

* * *

JOAN ROBERTS: The new Broadway star makes her disc debut with two melodies from her musical comedy hit "Are You With It?" The songs are "This Is My Beloved" and "Here I Go Again." (Majestic)

* * *

MAREK WEBER: Pleasant album of Franz Schubert melodies played for all to enjoy. (Columbia.) In the same mood is Capitol's package of Strauss waltzes played by Sam Freed's orchestra.

* * *

JOHNNY DESMOND: The little baritone with the big future comes up with another top-notch disc pairing "In the Moon Mist" and the title song from the new film "Do You Love Me." (Victor) Another ex-GI baritone, Jack Leonard, scores with "Full Moon and Empty Arms" and "Welcome to My Dreams." (Majestic)

* * *

BENNY GOODMAN: Most satisfying dance tempos of the month are to be found in this coupling of "Give Me The Simple Life" and "I Wish I Could Tell You." (Columbia)

* * *

DUKE ELLINGTON: The best dance band in America turns out two originals by the Duke, "The Wonder of You" and "I'm Just a Lucky So-and-So" with the latter having the best chances of steady spinning on the turntables. (Victor)

* * *

EMIL COLEMAN: Slick rumba hypnotics with "Jealousy" and "Take It Away" played by the film celebrity favorite. (DeLuxe.) Enric Madriguera (Cosmo) has two likeable Latin American lilts in "Maria from Bahia" and "Noche."

* * *

ARTIE SHAW: The incomparable Gramercy Five shows the others how it should be done in "Hop, Skip and Jump" and "Mysterioso." (Victor)

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

EXTRA MONEY EASILY EARNED

SHOW FRIENDS EXCLUSIVE GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS

Up to 100% profit for you. Experience not necessary. Request new 1946 exclusive 14 card All Occasion $1.00 assortment on approval. Many other year 'round money makers—Birthdays, Gift Wrappings, Social Notes. Write today for box on approval and new selling plan.

FREE SAMPLE PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS, 119 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

Amazing New Plan!

DRESS for YOU FOR ORDERING 3!

THRILLING NEW PLAN! Your choice of Gorgeous New Dress or Suit, in your favorite style, size and color, given to you for sending orders for only three dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all. Not one cent to pay. Everything supplied without cost.

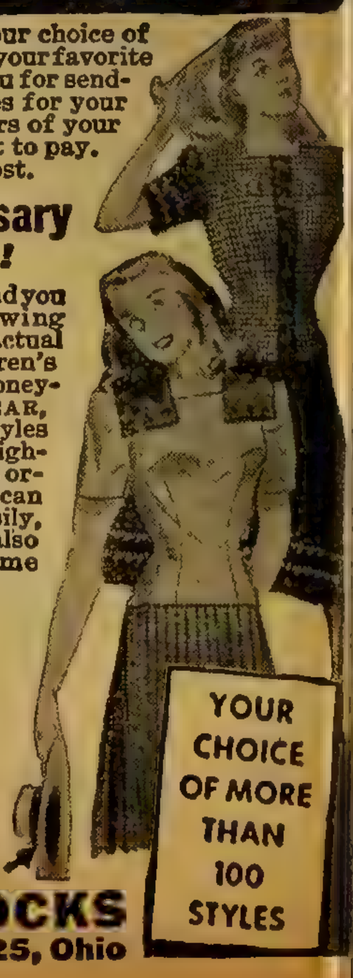
Experience Unnecessary

Spare Time Will Do!

Famous Harford Frocks will send you their big, new Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fabrics, in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, etc., at sensational low, money-saving prices. Also SPORTSWEAR, slacks, suits and coats. Show styles and fabrics to your friends, neighbors, and family—send in only 3 orders—and get dress or suit. You can get your complete wardrobe easily, quickly and without cost, and also earn good money for spare time work if you wish.

BE FIRST IN YOUR TOWN!

WRITE TODAY for Big Style Presentation. Due to today's conditions we may not be able to send it at once . . . but rush your name and address to be placed on our list and be among the first to receive the new Style Line when available. Write now.



HARFORD FROCKS
Dept. D-9001, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Song star of CBS's American Melody Hour, the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room—Jane Pickens.

COVER GIRL

In a quiet, picture-less, immaculate apartment that looks like the nest of a peaceful girl, Jane Pickens conceals a beehive of hard-working people. There is Hannah, her colored housemaid and cook; Miss Murphy, her secretary; and Laura, her personal maid. Although the apartment seems small when you first walk in, actually it contains Jane's bedroom and dressing room; a living-room, a music room, a kitchen, a din-ingroom; an office full of files where Miss Murphy works on Jane's fan-mail, business contracts, stocks and bonds, and incoming and outgoing money; and a storeroom, stacked solid with music. What's more, this Pickens Factory has been in the same place for thirteen years now.

Jane wakes up whenever (often it's noon), and rings for her breakfast, which Hannah brings her on a tray. Once she's eaten it, she gets up to a day of backbreaking work.

First come her exercises, which she does on the livingroom floor in her pajamas—and which were advised her by the French doctor who attended General de Gaulle all during the war, whom she met (naturally) at a dinner party. After the exercises, she puts on one of her dozens of pastel-tinted negligees — her work costume — and goes to the piano in the music room. She remains there from four to six hours every day. For Jane plans all her own programs, makes the arrangements for her own songs, and accompanies herself on the piano. This means hours of dogged piano practice; further hours of piano lessons to perfect her tone; then more hours of rehearsing her singing with her playing—and finally, she concentrates on "selling" her lyrics, with the accompanying gestures, facial expressions, and voice inflections. Sometimes one song she sings to an audience in three and a half minutes has had one hundred hours of hard work behind it.

Jane herself designs about half of her own formal clothes, saves all of them—and some of her most startlingly lovely costumes are new ones pieced out of old ones.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can keep you listless and rob you of fun!

Medical science warns that pale people—people who lack energy—may be victims of a blood deficiency

WE ALL KNOW people who seem always tired and "down in the dumps"—who look pale and unattractive. Yes, and very often their listless, letdown condition results from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Medical studies have indicated that thousands of men—as many as 68% of women—have this deficiency . . . have a Borderline Anemia!

It's your blood that releases energy to every organ, muscle, fibre. A deficiency in your blood—in which the red cells are too small or not rich and red enough—can sap your stamina and pep. Borderline Anemia means a lower efficiency of the red cells so essential to looking and feeling fit. Borderline Anemia can cause lack of color and reduced energy.

Build up your vigor by building up your blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast will help you build up your blood and your energy. Ask your druggist for *genuine* Ironized Yeast Tablets.

*BORDERLINE ANEMIA
— a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood — can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast
TABLETS

R
M

times. No

HERE COMES THE SUN!

Sun-time is becoming to Mary Ann Stewart, of
True Detective Mysteries, heard each Sunday afternoon on MBS.

THIS summer for you can top all others. It can be *your summer*—the loveliest one you've ever had if you start planning now. For the success of your summer depends a lot on you, how well you look and feel and how much you have to offer toward the fun that summer promises.

Remembering that competition really returned to our feminine lives when Johnny came marching home, you'll have to be a little more attractive, a little more charming, more fun than the next girl if you don't want to get lost in the shuffle.

A good starting point is your figure. Even though it may be one of the best, do some of the exercises every girl knows to limber and liven you. Eat, with beauty constantly in mind, all the fruits and salads that act like spring tonics. Get more sleep. For complete re-do, sign up for a beauty course by mail. One costs no more than two inexpensive dresses but does more for your morale, your appeal and good looks than all the clothes in the world. You learn how to lose weight all over or in spots, how to work and walk and move with grace, how to restyle your hair for greater glamor, what clothes you should wear, and how to be an artist with make-up. You emerge from the course lovelier than you ever dreamed.

Feet and legs certainly come into the summer beauty picture, though keeping them groomed should be a year round affair. Quickest way to get feet in trim for their beach debut is a professional pedicure followed by regular grooming at home. Apply cuticle remover and while you read or write a letter, dunk your feet up and down in a warm sudsy foot bath. After ten or fifteen minutes, work on the cuticle, callouses and dead skin with remover, orange stick and a ten-cent piece of pumice stone. With polish carefully applied, a good massage with cold cream or hand lotion should make your feet look fit for stockingless days and streamlined summer shoes.

And here's a tip for easy application of nail polish. Twist two double sheets of cleansing tissue into a thin roll. By weaving it over and under, your toes will be conveniently separated and polish won't smudge off on neighboring digits. Also when you have nice sunny days now, start sun-tanning your legs and feet. The sun won't seem strong, but by the time you really want to go without stockings or leg lotion, legs will be past the anemic stage so disconcerting on city streets.

Between now and summer, you have a lot to do, beauty-wise. You'll probably need a new permanent, but get a good one. Make sure it's one that will leave your hair soft and lustrous. And first get your hair into tip-top condition by lots of brushing and massage. Summer isn't kind to your hair.

You'll need evening make-up, foundation, lipstick and powder that do right by you and your summer tan under artificial lights. Except for possibly waterproof mascara and a bright red lipstick, skip make-up when you go in for active outdoor sports.

"It's a Boy!"

—and his life expectancy is brighter, and longer by 15 years —thanks to medicine's "men in white"

Cold figures . . . with a warm, wonderful significance. This table based on figures from several leading insurance companies tells in seven lines as much as a five-foot shelf of volumes on the amazing strides modern medical science has made in protecting and prolonging life.

AVERAGE LIFE EXPECTANCY IN U. S.—1900-1943

YEAR	MEN	WOMEN
1900-02	48	51
1901-10	49	52
1909-11	50	53
1920-29	57	60
1930-39	60	64
1939-41	62	67
1943	63	68

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

THAT'S the significant showing made when three leading, independent research organizations put this question to 113,597 physicians in the United States: "What cigarette do you smoke?"

Figures were checked and re-checked!

And more doctors named Camel as their smoke than any other cigarette!

Doctors, like all of us, smoke for pleasure. Camel's rich, full flavor appeals to their taste . . . Camel's cool mildness registers with their throats . . . just as with smokers the world over!

The best proving ground for a cigarette is your own taste and throat. Your taste is the place to "test" the flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Your throat will tell you most conclusively how Camel's cool mildness agrees with it.

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

It's dark . . . it's exciting . . . it's the new Cutex color for intrigue. Put it on your long, temptress nails . . . wear it—then let men beware! • And when in lighter mood try the new Cutex Proud Pink.

AFRAID—

By ROGER ELLIOT

of House of Mystery

AFTER one of my broadcasts not long ago, someone asked me, "Do you really like children?"

The answer was, "Yes."

"Then why do you tell them stories like that?" my questioner went on. "Why tell mystery stories? I thought the modern idea was to get away from horror stories for kids."

The man was right. Modern educators do feel that some of the stories on which most of us were brought up can have a harmful effect on young imaginations. But what my critic was wrong about was this—we don't tell stories about witches and ghosts and mysterious, supernatural beings on the House of Mystery. We tell stories in which people *imagine* horrible, unnatural, superstitious things and then we show with facts and knowledge and understanding how such things never existed, at all, except by virtue of ignorance. We prove, over and over again, that there are really no mysterious, supernatural beings or occurrences. There are only unknown factors, which, once they are known and understood, destroy all the foundations of fear.

That's what we're trying to do in our small way—destroy fear.

Children are very precious. They are our future. They are the ones we must prepare to carry on the work we have barely begun, the work of making a decent and good world in which all men can live together in peace. And fear, of which there is so much in the world, is not a good preparation for the future.

There are all kinds of fears. We have to understand that. There are good fears and bad ones. Good fears, let us say, are the fears that protect people from actual dangers. They are so common and so necessary that they're not even known as fears. They're known as common sense, caution, thrift, forethought. Bad fears—which are bad because they usually interfere with a person's normal operation in the daily business of living—are fears based on superstition and ignorance and, all too often, on improper handling when they first appear in children.

I'm sure that all the parents in the world want their children to grow up healthy and brave and fearless. Parents love their children and want for them a full, rich, happy life. Freedom from fear is one of the chief requirements for (*Continued on page* 61)

In House of Mystery's vivid stories, heard Saturdays at noon over MBS, narrator Roger Elliot demonstrates to his young audience that most mysterious, frightening occurrences have normal explanations.

The Second

They were strangers,

Stanley and Terry. Or

at least it seemed

so; they had just met.

But some people are

never really strangers

MRS. BURTON

CAPTAIN Stanley Burton closed the door of his ex-wife's apartment behind him—closed it quietly, and firmly, with a sort of finality, so that watching him, you could easily have believed that he was closing a door on a chapter in his life as well.

"And that's that," he told himself calmly, as he walked, straight and swift, down the corridor. "That's that." Somehow, he felt less surprised that the only hope of happiness he had clung to for the past three years had gone up in smoke in a few moment's time than at his own complete indifference to the fact.

A minute later, sitting tensely against the back seat of a taxi bound for his hotel, he wondered what on earth was the matter with him. All over Europe—in foxholes, lying awake on a hospital cot, during the long trip home from England—he had planned and hoped for this reconciliation with Marion. Now all those plans were wiped out, all hope was gone—hope of a home of his own, where he could see his son every day, as a father wants to, gone. And he didn't care.

..*Perhaps,* he thought, as he got out of the cab and walked through the doors of the hotel, *perhaps I'll feel it after a while. Perhaps, in a little bit, I'll begin to care. Perhaps it's just such a shock that I can't feel anything, now.* But he knew that wasn't true. He knew that in his heart he was pleased that the old life was done with, once and for all. He knew in his heart that he hadn't really wanted Marion back, even for Brad's sake.

A girl was speaking to the clerk when he went to the desk to get his key. He wished impatiently that she would get her business finished with so he could go up to the peace and privacy of his room. Unconsciously he listened to the conversation.

"But are you sure you can't give me a room?" she was pleading. "I don't care how small it is; but I do need a place for tonight—just till I can find something else."

The voice was familiar and Stanley turned quickly to look at her. Why, of course. It was the girl who had given up her room to him this morning. There had been some foolish mix-up and they had been assigned to the same one. Stanley had been tired and dreading the impending interview with Marion, so he had made only the most conventional protest when the girl, after learning that his was the prior claim, had insisted on leaving. But she had assured him that she had plenty of friends with whom she could stay!

Stanley touched the girl's arm to attract her attention. Her worried look changed to a wan half-smile of recognition as she turned round. "Hello," she said quietly.

"What about all those friends you had to stay with?" he reproached her gently.

"I—I—Really I'll be all right, Captain."

She picked up her suitcase and tried to leave, but he blocked her way and took the bag from her.

"I'm certainly not going to let you tramp the streets of New York looking for a place. You can have the room back and I'll go to my camp."

"You're very kind, Captain, but I can't allow—"

"Oh, but you can—and you will." He grinned at her confidently, and waited.

"There are lots of places I haven't been to yet," she told him, but there was a ring of weariness in her voice.

Stan shook his head. "Now you listen to me," he said, pleasantly but firmly, "The Army has got me used to giving orders, not taking them, and I can't get out of the habit, I want you to have that room, and you're going to have it."

Her chin went up. "I won't—" she started to say, but full of new inspiration, Stan had already turned to the hovering clerk. "Just put a cot in Captain Mason's room," he told him, "and the whole thing will be settled."

The girl capitulated with a smile that lighted her whole face. "You're very kind," she said again.

"And you're very welcome." With a friendly little nod, Stan turned and made for the elevators.

Nice, he thought absently, and then remembered a little ruefully how nice Marion had once been, too—back in the days before her love for him had given way to her all-consuming passion for the Burton bank account.

Or did she really ever love me? he wondered. *Did her feelings ever go beyond that school-kid crush of ours?*

The trouble with them—with himself and Marion—was that they had married too young. Or, he added in a flash of discerning honesty, that they had ever married at all, that he hadn't had perception enough to see what might—and did—come of marrying a girl like Marion.

It hadn't been entirely their fault, either his or Marion's, though. They'd grown up side by side in the small city of Dickinsontown, the son of the department store president and the daughter of the bank president. Nothing in the world could have been more suitable, more proper. While they were still riding scooters, heads had nodded wisely and gossiping tongues prophesied, "That'll be a match, some day!"

When Marion was fourteen and he fifteen, Stan had taken her to their

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON

This daytime serial, the story of Stan and Terry Burton, and the influence on their lives of the first Mrs. Burton, is written by John Young, broadcast Monday through Friday at 2 P.M., EST, on Columbia Terry played by Claire Niesen; Marion, Joan Alexander; Stanley, Gary Merrill

first dance—a simple high school affair. And there the tongues had been at it again. Even their mothers had murmured in sentimental unison, "What a lovely couple they make!" and smiled at each other knowingly. Already they could see the day and hour when Marion would walk down the aisle on the bank president's arm, to be given in marriage to the store president's son—for better or for worse.

Mostly for worse, Stan thought wryly. But they couldn't have known that, in the days when Stan carried Marion's books home from the library, paid for her ice cream sodas, and fought every boy who dared make fun of his devotion to her. And got, as a reward, a quick, helpless smile, an adoring flash of black eyes, or a "thank you" that was almost a caress.

This girl next door, now, Stanley mused, as he let himself into Jack Mason's room. *I'll bet she's the kind who carried her own books. Maybe even paid for her own sodas. And I'll bet the boys she knows are her friends, not just so many prospective dates.*

Then he laughed at himself for imagining that he could know anything at all about a girl he'd just met, a girl he'd barely talked to. Nevertheless, the same impression of simplicity, of good fellowship, came to him again later that evening, when he met her again, going up in the elevator.

"I hope that cot you're going to sleep on won't make you regret your chivalry," she told him, smiling.

SOMEHOW terribly pleased that she had spoken to him, he shook his head. "A cot will be sheer, unadulterated luxury compared to some of the beds I've slept on these last few years. Soldiers should be broken in to civilization again by easy stages. Too much sudden comfort could be a terrible shock," he assured her gravely.

He liked the way she smiled up at him, straightforwardly, without any coyness—because she wanted to smile, not because she was a woman and he was a man. And he liked the way her smile turned to laughter—a bubbly, entrancing little chuckle—when she answered, "I know you're only trying to make me feel better about it—but you're a complete success.

They were out of the elevator now, walking down the corridor. And suddenly Stan hated the thought of going into his room, alone—of closing the door and cutting himself off from this girl. He felt about in his mind for something more to say, to keep her there, and found, "Why did you say you had loads of friends you could stay with?"

She shrugged her small, neat shoulders. "I did think I could find someone who'd put me up," she evaded. She turned toward the door of her room, but Stan's voice reached out desperately to stop her again. "Why must you always be rushing off to nowhere?" he teased. "And don't tell me you're meeting friends—I know better, now!"

Her chin came up again, in the independent way he'd noticed it before, down in the lobby. And he thought, before she turned her eyes away, that he saw hurt in them.

There was a moment's pause that seemed to go on forever. "I'm sorry," Stanley told her sincerely. "I had no right to say that. I really didn't mean to be rude. Forgive me?"

Her smile—her very nice smile—was back again. "Of course."

"You see," he went on, "I'm alone here, too—and New York can be a pretty dreary place for a lonely person."

"I think it's a wonderful place," she told him—and it sounded to Stanley as if those were words she'd said over to herself, many times, to make them convincing.

He knew, then, what he wanted to do—what he had wanted, subconsciously, ever since he had met her. "It could be," he assured her, "for two people having fun together. Two people with something in common. Us, for instance."

"Us?"

He hurried on. "Yes, us. We have a lot in common. The same hotel, even, for a little while, the same room. The same dismal lack of friends here. Suppose—suppose we have dinner, and talk it over."

She hesitated, and he could almost see the thoughts flashing through her mind, see her thinking up excuses and discarding them because she was an honest person—and she did want to go with him, he could tell.

"REALLY, it's all right," he urged. "If you don't come, we'll go our separate ways and indulge in separate evenings of self-pity. That is a dreadful prospect, now isn't it? Come on—please!"

The nice little bubbly laugh answered him. "Orders again, Captain?"

"Orders," he agreed firmly. "I'll call for you in half an hour."

This is beginning to be fun, he told himself, with a kind of amazement, as he closed Jack Mason's door behind him. It was a long time since he had been out with a girl—any girl. And this wasn't just any girl—she was the kind you'd be proud to go out with anywhere, anytime. The kind you'd just as soon take home for your parents to see, and introduce around to all your friends. Not that he'll ever do that with this girl, of course. He'd check out of the hotel in a few days, and so would she, probably, and that would be the end of it. But it was fun to know that he could feel a little thrill of anticipation again at the thought of an evening's dinner and dancing with a pretty girl. It meant—well, it probably meant that he was free, really free, of Marion, and that being free was a good thing, all in all. It meant that perhaps some day there'll be another girl—a long time from now, of course—to take Marion's place.

Stan turned to the telephone and called the hotel florist. It was twelve years since he had sent flowers to any girl but Marion. Twelve years—high time he broke the spell. High time he had a little fun—and this was going to be fun. A whole evening of it, without a single thought about plans, about going home, about tomorrow and all the tomorrows that would follow.

Twelve years—since he and Marion had become engaged while they were going to college right here in New York.

Stan knew now, and had known for a long time, that their sudden engagement, following a year of broken dates, seeming indifference and resentment of what Marion called his 'pokiness', was Marion's frightened reaction to his own newly-awakened interest in other girls at the time. Girls who were kinder, more thoughtful, more sympathetic than Marion; girls who seemed to have fun going out with him.

And how Marion had changed when she finally realized what was happening! She'd been having a great deal of her own brand of fun, in those days. Fun, to her, was synonymous with a large and varied male following dancing attendance, and that she had certainly managed to attain to an alarming degree. But when Stan began to go out with other girls, that was a different story. Marion must have remembered the Burton fortune, the Burton social prestige, just in time, for wistfulness and simplicity took the place of her usual smug arrogance. And in no time at all, Stan Burton found himself engaged.

He had sent Marion flowers, he remembered, every day for a few weeks —bud-tight little yellow roses, sweet white lilies, nosegays of violets and pansies. But when he finally realized that she was considerably less than enthusiastic about all flowers except expensive corsages of camellias or orchids, he began to limit his offerings to those.

Of course, it wasn't exactly fair, he mused, to judge all girls by Marion. Just the same, to be on the safe side he ordered orchids for the girl in the next room. Might as well do it up proud, as long as he, like many another returning GI, had yielded to the sudden impulse to have a fling with the first pretty girl he met.

Yes, he badly needed some fun— and it might help to take away the unpleasant taste of his brief fifteen-minute interview with Marion this afternoon. Marion, presenting him a cool cheek to kiss.

He sat down on the edge of the bed abruptly, sick with remembering. He thought of the speech he had made ready for her— the speech she had never given him a chance to make. And how he had thought, *the devil with speeches! I'll ask her to marry me again; I'll give her all the reasons which make it seem a sensible idea. The worst she can do is refuse!*

And then he had laughed bitterly at himself for (*Continued on page* 76)

Brad came at that moment—a merciful release for Stan. He was able to escape before Marion could corner him again.

By TOM BRENEMAN

Easter will be very special this year for a girl named Judy, down in Tennessee. And because Tom Breneman had a part in Judy's story, it will be special for him too, wherever he happens to celebrate it

WHEN Easter comes this year, I'll be thinking of Judy Millford . . . because in Judy's story, in the very modern tragedy which she has lived through and which she is beginning now to leave behind her, there are all the elements of other, older Easter stories.

Like Judy's, all those stories, no matter in what time or by what civilization originated, affirm and reaffirm one joyful theme: the springtime rebirth of the world, the vigorous upsurge of fresh new life in nature, and of irresistible hope in human hearts. The ancient Romans recognized it in the celebration of the Vernal Equinox, their gay salute to Spring. Among the Hebrews, the Passover holiday, coming at this same season, has also the significance of new life, based on the deliverance of the Israelites from the yoke of Egypt.

And to more than five hundred million people all over the world today, Easter is the commemoration of the crucifixion of Jesus, of his resurrection, of the guarantee of life past death for all men.

Yes, Judy Millford makes me think of those things now, whenever Easter comes. It wasn't what I thought of the very first time I saw her, though. Judy's face, as she sat there last year at her Breakfast in Hollywood table, staring dully before her, was a face to make you forget that there had ever been hope in the world. You couldn't remember, looking at her, that children had ever rolled their mad little painted eggs on spring-green lawns, or that fragile new buds had ever pushed their hopeful, timid way up into the light . . . and would again. You might remember intolerance and cruelty among men, selfishness and greed that bred tragedy. For there was nothing but tragedy written in her young face as she sat there. It was impossible not to see that for Judy Millford nothing was alive but the horrible, bitter past.

And it was so wrong! She was so

Easter in Tennessee

young . . . surely it was all wrong and wasteful! No, I can't say I remembered the Easter stories, not then, but there was something in the air—Spring, perhaps—that made me determine to try to help this girl. I wanted to make her talk to me about her trouble, whatever it was.

So I asked her to stay for a while. Before long, she'd begun to tell me about her home in Tennessee. How she'd been away from there for over four years—and the home-longing that all of us have known welled up in her eyes and shook her voice when she spoke of it. How she had heard only occasionally from her sisters and brothers who were left there, back home.

She spoke hesitantly at first, as if she had not had anyone to talk to in a long while. That's bad for anyone; doubly bad for a young girl who ought to be finding the world a wonderful and fascinating place. But after a while she became more easy in her talk; she began to reminisce, to recall moments out of her childhood that had made her happy, and to which she was instinctively drawn as an escape from her present torments. It was then that she told me about the annual Easter celebration at the Hendricks', who were friends of her people, and how it had always been the high spot of the year for her.

"They—the Hendricks—lived on a high hill, a few miles from the center of town," Judy told me, her voice warm with the remembering. "All of us Millfords—my four sisters, three brothers, and Mom—as well as a lot of our friends used to go, right after church on Easter Sunday, to Sara and Joshua Hendricks' house.

"They had no children, you see. Aunt Sara's first baby had died when it was just a little thing, and she couldn't have any more. But Aunt Sara and Uncle Josh were parents at (*Continued on page* 59)

Hollywood 11 A.M., EST, Monday through Friday, ABC

This is Radio Mirror's fictionization of "This Is Freedom," one of the My True Story scripts heard each morning at 10:00 EST, over ABC.

A "MY TRUE STORY"

Love IS A STRANGER

Love may seem erratic, but it follows a pattern. It has

THE long, smoky room, blanketed by fog against the window-panes, was lighted only by candles and one dim lamp in an alcove niche. It seemed to me to be filled with faceless figures and nameless, chattering voices. It was a blur.

Or maybe I couldn't see people because I didn't want to. Because none of them was Tom. Maybe names didn't matter to me any longer—I wouldn't be hearing Tom's.

". . . and this handsome young man, Maida, is Page Sanders."

Funny. That name came through clearly. And I could see every line of this man's lean, brown face. Even the color of his sport jacket—a kind of soft grey—and the highly imaginative maroon pattern of his tie. I could even tell he was smiling and holding out his hand.

"Hello, Page Sanders," I said, and shook hands with him.

Then the strangest thing happened. We were just being introduced. I had never seen him before. Our hands had met, politely—and then, somehow, I found myself clinging to his hand with the desperation of a drowning person. And he showed no inclination to let go. Somehow I knew we had both felt that same little shock; that arrested, sudden awareness of each other; that same desire to stay like that and just look, soberly and deeply, into each other's eyes—

"Never mind any more introducing, Jean," he called over his shoulder to our hostess. "I'll take care of Miss Franklin for a while."

We stumbled over to an empty couch and sat down.

"Why in the name of San Francisco's patron saints doesn't Jean have more light in here?" he demanded with the familiar crossness he might use to an old friend. "Doesn't she know they've been experimenting around with a thing called electricity?"

I laughed—and for the first time in a week my laughter wasn't that tight, surface pretense it had become. "This year Jean has decided to do her apartment over in old Spanish. Bright lights are much too harsh and modern, so she says. She finds candlelight soothing to her vibrations."

"Well, I was warned." He grinned down at me. "I was told you were all artists and crazy, when I took the apartment across the hall. I was told anything could happen on Russian Hill, but I can't say I was prepared to meet a girl like you who looks like a medieval page-boy in the utter darkness of a Spanish apartment. Are you an artist, too?"

"Me? No. I'm a typist in an insurance office. But my dad was a newspaperman here for years and that seems to qualify me. A couple of these people live around here and I know them; others are Jean's friends she picks up in art school."

I was right behind Page, and so I saw . . .

its rules. Maida learned them, finally

He raised an eyebrow and whistled. "Looks like I'm one of the inner circle then—I'm a newspaperman myself. But you ought to know that newspapermen don't all live the way the movies say they do. I'm a quiet harmless fellow, myself. Transferred to a news service here in San Francisco from Kansas City."

There was no more time for personal exchanges. People moved in around us, and now that my eyes were more accustomed to the room, I saw friends I knew and they came over to join us.

"Hello, Maida—is that Tom sitting with you?"

Someone hushed him, but it was too late. That awful, embarrassed silence fell over the room and poor Elijah Burney, who had made the break, looked around him in bewilderment. I came to his rescue and somehow I managed to keep my voice steady and high and uncaring.

"You've been out of town, Elijah, so you haven't heard. Tom's gone—" the words stuck in my mouth and I forced them out in hard, wordy, brittle sounds—"he's jilted me for his childhood sweetheart." I laughed, as though it were a joke on all of us, on Tom, on me, on that unknown sweetheart, and it was a laugh that insisted the others laugh with me. I would not let them pity me.

They did laugh and someone even quoted that old saw about "men are like streetcars; if you miss one, there's always another." (*Continued on page* 90)

Spring

I WILL never forget that terrible morning. I'll never forget anything about it. Oddly enough, I had a premonition when I woke up that day that it was to be a dreadful one—even though it started out just like every other morning since I'd come to the great city of New York, two months earlier.

As usual, I got out of my narrow bed at the Barbizon Hotel for Women and took a shower in the tiny bathroom I shared with old Mrs. Murphy in the next room—that way, my room only cost twelve dollars a week as against eighteen if I'd had my own bath. Then I scrambled hastily but carefully into my gray suit, ready for a day of hunting for a singing job. Then, suddenly breathless with nervous anticipation, I waited for the elevator to take me down to the lobby . . . down where my mail would be waiting for me, and perhaps an envelope addressed in Russell's scratchy writing, postmarked Toledo. I could count on a letter from Mother every morning, telling me all the news of Toledo. But the occasional ones from Russell were the ones I waited for.

This particular morning I was almost praying to myself while I waited for the elevator, standing there with several of the glamorous girl models who lived in the hotel—not so glamorous in the morning, with kerchiefs tied over their pinned-up curls for breakfast in a strictly woman's hotel. But I hardly noticed them. I was saying silently, "Please let there be a letter from him—please. It's been eight days now since I heard from him. Oh, please."

When I reached the desk in the lobby, my prayer had been answered. There was a letter from him—a very thin one, I noticed, fingering it on my way to the hotel coffee shop. For some reason—maybe because I was so terribly unsure of myself where Russell was concerned—I always waited to open his letters until I was sitting at the counter. This time I waited even longer—until I'd ordered orange juice, toast, eggs, and coffee. Then, my fingers trembling, I tore open the letter.

It was even worse than I could possibly have divined. It was the end of my world, the smashing of everything I had lived for.

And yet it was so brief. It said, "Jane dear, I know that if I am happy, you will be happy for me. And I am happier than I've ever been in my life.

Story

It took only an instant for Jane's world to turn upside down. But when attending a broadcast made it right itself —

LADIES BE SEATED

The audience ... in this ABC Monday through ... show. M.C.'d by Johnny O... P.M. EST.

"I haven't written you in several days because, just a week ago, lightning struck me—after all these years. I met a girl—*the* girl. Jane, what I am trying to tell you is that I just got married, yesterday, and I wanted you to know first of all. I know Josephine is right for me, even though it happened so fast and even though she is brand new to Toledo. Best of luck always, and thank you for everything. Russell."

Thank you for everything—thank you for six years of waiting, of hoping, of endless dreams that Russell and I would some day be married and grow old together. That was my first bitter reaction. Mother had always warned me that Russell's hesitancy about getting married meant that he really didn't want to marry me; but I'd never believed her. I couldn't believe her; I loved him too much.

"But Jane, my darling," she'd say in her tired, honest way, "if a man is truly in love, nothing stops him—not money, or anything at all."

Then, of course, I'd nervously insist that I knew he loved me, that he was always talking of marriage, that it was just a matter of waiting for his raise in salary.

"He got his first raise four years ago; by this time he's had three more," she'd remind me. And then, just before I'd stamp into my bedroom, slamming the door on the reality of what she was saying, she'd add, "Darling, all I want is to have you happily settled in life—not as a famous singer, but as a wife and mother. And you never will be with Russell. For some reason, you're not what he wants in a wife . . . you're just a habit of his, a comfortable routine he's fallen into, while he's waiting for the right girl to come along."

Slam! would go my door. And in the privacy of my bedroom I'd glare into the mirror at myself—at my blue eyes, my thick dark hair, my slim figure. At a girl who was locally successful as a singer at weddings, at parties, at small radio shows in Toledo—probably because I sang all the love songs with such feeling, thinking of Russell.

And I'd ask myself, "Why, why doesn't he marry me? I want him so much; I sing only to impress him, to make him proud of me—and I *was* the most popular girl in town until I began going steady with Russell." Then I'd think a little hysterically, "But that was six years ago. I've put six years of my life into waiting for Russell. I'm twenty-seven now." *Twenty-seven.*

It was Mother who had talked me into coming to New York two months ago—right after I'd been a bridesmaid at the wedding of my very last close girl friend. I'd been a bridesmaid more times than I cared to remember by that time. Late that night, as I sat on the edge of Mother's bed in my fluffy blue bridesmaid's dress, Mother had said abruptly:

"Darling, why don't you go to New York and try for a singing job there? Just for six months. I think it would do you good to get away from Toledo for a while."

I, of course, said the first and only thing that occupied my mind. "But . . . what about Russell?"

Mother said quietly, "It is all about Russell, Jane. It would be the crucial test. If he's ever to be definite about marrying you, you must shock him into discovering how much he misses you once you're no longer a part of his life. If he really cares, he'll send for you to come back and marry him." She paused. Then she said even more quietly, "It's a big gamble, Jane. Are you strong enough to try it?"

"I certainly am strong enough," I had said with sudden determination—and thus, in a second, I had made the only really adult decision I'd ever made in my life. I was going to go to the greatest metropolis in America and try for—a career? No; for the man I loved, back home. I suppose many thousands of other women have done this, down through history; but I felt terribly alone.

And so I had gone to New York City, to a tiny room at the Barbizon Hotel for Women. I had spent two months of unspeakable homesickness; two months of plodding from one agent's office to another, from one theatrical casting office to another, from one radio station to another—trying, desperately trying, to put Jane Allen of Toledo over in New York on the stage, in a night club, on the air. Anything. Anything to prove to Russell that I was a glamorous, successful person. Anything to make Russell realize what he was missing—in me the public performer and in me the girl who loved

Finally I stopped crying, outside. But I was sure that inside I would go on crying forever.

him. So far, I'd had no luck at all.

And now look what had happened. I was reading, over cold eggs and chilled coffee, a letter that turned my world upside down. A letter, in fact, that left me with no place to go for the rest of my life—another girl had gone there in my stead. A strange girl named Josephine, who had just walked up to the life I wanted and the man I wanted, and snatched them out of my fingers forever.

Tears suddenly swelled in my eyes, and I got up blindly, somehow put down the right change for my untasted breakfast, and stumbled out of the coffee shop. And yet, once I was in my little room with the door shut, I couldn't cry. I felt as numb from shock as if I had been in an earthquake. I kept doing disjointed things—reaching for the telephone to put in a long-distance call to Mother, and then pulling my hand back. What good would that do? What could she say, except that she was sorrier than I could know? Then, suddenly insanely anxious to keep busy, I got my soiled laundry out from a bag in the closet and began frantically sudsing stockings, slips, my pink nightgown, in the little wash-basin in my room.

And then, just as I was elbow-deep in soap-suds, the avalanche came. All at once I was lying full length on my unmade bed, my face buried in soapy hands, crying as if my heart would break . . . as if, indeed, it were broken. Sobbing miserably, and aloud. Crying for all my lost dreams, for Russell's arms and lips, for the dance programs I had saved ever since our first dance together, crying for my unknown, terrifying future.

I don't know how long the faint knocking had gone on at my door before I heard it through my sobs. When I finally did hear it, I didn't know at first what it was. It must have gone on for another full two minutes before I got up automatically and opened the door, with tears still streaming down my face.

Outside in the hall stood old Mrs. Murphy, who lived in the next room and shared my bathroom. Her little figure stood poker-straight in its gray gingham dress. She said, just as calmly as if I were a smiling hostess instead of a sobbing, (*Continued on page* 65)

Young Widder Brown

A love that waits and deepens as it looks toward the promise of the future

ANTHONY LORING, Superintendent of the Simpsonville Health Center Hospital, is a serious, idealistic man whose concern with the future particularly endears him to widow Ellen Brown and her children, whose lives he hopes one day to be able to share.
(Played by Ned Wever)

ELLEN BROWN, many years a widow, has led an active, happy life, been influential in her town, responsive in friendship, despite her inner insistence that nothing be permitted to distract her time or energy from her children Mark and Janey, now in their teens.
(Played by Florence Freeman)

NORINE TEMPLE, Ellen's good friend, has tested to the full Ellen's capacity for the brand of friendship that performs in any kind of emotional weather—through trouble, such as Norine experienced when she first married Herbert Temple, and in her present happiness. And Ellen, in the same way, can count on Norine.

(Played by Joan Tompkins)

OLIVIA McEVOY gruffly supervises the nurses at Anthony Loring's hospital. She knows precisely how to make an errant nurse snap to attention, and even how to make an interne quake. But she knows equally how to respond when Anthony or Ellen, or any of her friends, is in need of kindliness and affectionate understanding.

(Played by Bess McCammon)

MARIA HAWKINS wouldn't be the power she is in Simpsonville if she didn't exercise her talent for being right in the middle of everyone else's business. Sharp-tongued, sometimes close to malicious, her genius for gossip has often meant trouble. But she is as quick to help as to chatter, when any of her neighbors is in trouble.
(Played by Lorene Scott)

VICTORIA LORING resents on many counts her brother Anthony's desire to marry Ellen Brown, but chiefly she resents it because she has no illusion that Ellen will ever submit to being dominated by her. Victoria is fighting the alliance with every weapon at the disposal of a snobbish, domineering woman who is determined to win out.
(Played by Kay Strozzi)

MARK, lucky to be thirteen in a bright new world that offers vast chances for responsibility and fun, is learning to run his life so that neither work nor play can crowd the other out.
(Dickie Van Patten)

JANEY is the problem, to herself and her family, that any fifteen-year-old becomes — rushing eagerly upon each birthday, but uncertain how to handle her new privileges.
(Marilyn Erskine)

UNCLE JOSH, weathered and rich in experience as farmer and friend, is a sympathetic guide when Ellen wants to talk over a problem.
(Uncle Josh played by Tom Hoier)

Deeply in love with Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown finds that the peaceful routine of life is beginning to take on new complications. As she watches the eagerness with which her two adolescent children step out into the post-war world that spreads its opportunities and its challenges before them, she feels somehow uneasy, as though the future to which she and Anthony have looked forward during their long engagement holds unknown factors.

Young Widder Brown, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard every weekday at 4:45 P.M. EST., on NBC.

Life can be beautiful

"LIFE Can Be Beautiful" is an expression of faith that has as much power as any four words in the language. If you live by those words, and have faith, you are able to overcome even the most troubled times, and emerge with hope for the future.

Papa David has told us over and over again that life is composed of many facets—happy and sad, easy and difficult—but that they are all a part of the single picture, each one adding to the meaning of the whole. They are as closely related as the two sides of a tapestry. It is only when one looks on life in its entirety, with faith and understanding, that its meaning becomes clear; every experience takes on its proper value and is seen as complimenting some other experience. In the same way that the bright, true colors of the tapestry are more beautiful when compared to the reverse side, happiness is more welcome when sorrow has gone before.

One of Papa David's favorite quotations expresses this idea: "When a man suffers tribulation, he should not say, 'this is evil' for the Lord sends no evil. He should rather say, 'I am undergoing a bitter experience.' It is like a bitter medicine which a physician prescribes in order to cure a patient."

Papa David and I have been very pleased and very deeply touched by all the Life Can Be Beautiful letters you have sent us. Indeed, choosing the prize letter was a very hard task—so many of them seemed to us to be worthy of a prize. And so, besides the prize-winning letter, for which we offer one hundred dollars each month, we have decided to print as many of the other letters which come in that we have room for—those letters which almost, but not quite, won the prize. And for each of those letters which we print, we will send the writer a check for fifteen dollars, as a sort of "thank you" for writing to us. And now, here is this month's prize-winning letter:

Feb. 15, 1946

Dear Chichi:

Eight years ago I thought Life *Can* Be Beautiful, for after many years of praying our wish finally came true. God sent us a beautiful baby daughter. But our happiness was short lived, as God took her back home in only a few short months. Chichi, words can't describe our unhappiness. I couldn't believe that life would ever be beautiful again, as the doctor had said it would be impossible for me to ever have more children. I couldn't believe in God or anything. One night, Chichi, I dreamed my baby was buried alive. I was frantically trying to get to her when I heard a voice say, "Why don't you let her sleep in peace?" I awoke trembling my dream was so real. And Chichi, I was so ashamed. I prayed God to forgive me and gradually my heartache eased. And you know, Chichi, even doctors can be wrong, for when I just peeked in at my two little boys and one tiny baby girl, sleeping so snug and warm, I know "Life Can Be Beautiful." God bless you and Papa David for your wonderful program. You'll never know how much it helps.

Sincerely,
Mrs. James Nagle
412 Summit Ave.
Westville, N. J.

And here are some of the other letters which we felt you would also like to read, although they did not win the hundred-dollar prize. All of them have something important to say to you.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS

One Hundred Dollars Each Month

For Your LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Letters

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly, wise word of advice, changed your whole outlook, when some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Chichi and Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month, which in their opinion best expresses the thought, "Life Can Be Beautiful," RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. Address your letters to Chichi, care of RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Listen to Life Can Be Beautiful daily on your CBS station; check the program guide on page 51 for local time. The prize-winning letter will be featured each month in this new RADIO MIRROR department.

Dear Chichi:

Life can be beautiful, if we will allow it to be, especially in the twilight of life. Seven years ago I underwent an operation, and the doctors said I could not live more than six months or a year, as I had a cancer that could not be removed.

Instead of worrying and helping their diagnosis to come true, I resolved to be as happy as possible myself, and help make this old world happy for those with whom I came in contact every day. I lived with the thought that what God willed was right, and would be.

Now, after living seven extra years, and doing defense work in a pottery for nearly three years—working nine, sometimes ten, hours a day and keeping house for myself and my daughter—my tired old heart needs a rest. So I am forced to take it easy for a while.

If I live until May 19th, I will be sixty-four years old. I still believe with you and Papa David that Life Can Be Beautiful—but that heaven will be far more beautiful.

Best wishes to you and Papa David.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Maude E. Jennings
28 Cavell Avenue,
Trenton, New Jersey

Dear Chichi:

This is an incident I can well remember, for it is not an old one. A little over a year ago, my husband was medically discharged from the Navy and came home to our three small children and me. We lived with my parents while he was away, so the first problem which presented itself was getting us a place to live, including furnishings. All went fairly well until several months ago, when I got sick, and was told I needed an operation right away.

Having no hospital insurance, things looked pretty depressing, as the money my husband made just kept us going as it was. However, I went to the hospital as scheduled, worrying about the added expense and also about who my husband could get to take care of our children, so that he could go on working. Our very good neighbors managed the children until my husband succeeded in getting his sister to come—which was quite a relief to me. Then, four days before I was to leave the hospital, my husband's brother, after being gone three years overseas, was discharged. As a complete surprise—he loaned us the five hundred dollars necessary to cover the biggest share of the hospital bill. Both he and the money were well received—we were tickled to see him and certainly thankful for his help, which only proves that life has (*Continued on page* 57)

Life Can Be Beautiful is written by Don Becker and Carl Bixby; Alice Reinheart is Chichi, Ralph Locke is Papa David

By
CHICHI
HAMILTON

Never to part

John planned to live in a new way, because he felt that he was a new person, now. But there was one old bond whose strength he hadn't really tested

I'M one of the fellows who got a "dear John" letter. You know what they are—"Dear John: This is difficult, but here goes. I'm breaking our engagement. . . ."

My name really is John, John Mason, and I got my letter a couple of years ago, out on Guam. It sounded exactly like Helen—direct, and with no mincing of words. She was going to be married to a Frank Stevens, and I would realize in time that it was all for the best. I won't say that I didn't have a bad time of it for a while, but after it was over I was just relieved that the war had come along and prevented me from marrying her when I'd wanted to. I was relieved I wasn't tied up for life to a girl who either hadn't known her own mind or who hadn't the strength of character to do what other women were doing—wait for her man to come home.

My homecoming, this last April, was everything I'd dreamed it would be. I called Mother and Dad from the separation center near Pierpont, and they were at the station to meet me when the train pulled in. The station looked bigger than I'd remembered it—Pierpont is a pretty sizable city—and it was more crowded than I'd ever seen it, but then I saw Mother and Dad, Mother with the marten furs she wore only on very special occasions and Dad with his hat pushed excitedly back, and I was home again.

It didn't even cross my mind that I'd once wanted Helen to be with them when I came home. I didn't think about her until we were sitting around the diningroom table at home, and Mother had got cold beer out of the icebox, and sandwiches that we were too excited to eat. Then she said suddenly, "Oh, Johnny, Helen has called several times. She wants you to call her back."

Dad had just asked if I'd thought what I wanted to do, now that I was home again. It took a minute to swing my mind around to Helen. "I don't want to talk to her," I said. I didn't mean to be rude, or to sound as if Helen were still a touchy subject with me; I was just anxious to answer Dad's question.

"But, John—"

"—or *about* her," I added. Then I turned to Dad and dropped my bombshell. "I want to go back to school," I said. "To Mechanical Arts, over in Gemwater. I've got an idea for a business of my own—making pulp out of leather scraps from shoe repair shops and factories. But I know I'm going to have to design some of my own machinery, and I don't know enough about it."

Dad's jaw dropped. "You mean," he said, "you're not coming into the shop with me?"

Dad has a small machine shop, and we'd always planned that I'd go to work with him when I was through school. There was just one flaw in the idea so far as Dad was concerned—it would have meant that he'd have to break off his lifetime partnership with Eli Haines. Dad liked Eli, but he was slow and stubborn and a fuss-budget, and I just didn't get along with him. The summers I'd worked for Dad had been enough to prove that the minute I came into the shop full time, Eli would walk out.

I shook my head, saw Dad's astonishment turn to a mixture of disappointment and relief. He'd wanted me to work with him, but he'd wanted Eli, too. "No," I said. "I'd like to use the shop sometimes, and I'll need your help getting the bugs out of my machinery—"

Dad was brightening by the second, but he said cautiously, "Well, son, if it's on Eli's account—"

"It's not. It's something I really want to do. Besides . . . well. . . ." I didn't finish, but it didn't matter. Dad was too pleased and excited to need an explanation, and I didn't care to try to tell him why I'd changed my mind not only about the work I wanted to do but about a lot of other things as well. I could have told Helen, if we'd still been together. She was a volatile, intuitive person, with quick emotions and a quicker understanding, and she'd always known what I meant before I'd half begun to talk. I was afraid that if I tried to put it into words for Mother and Dad, I'd sound—well, preachy maybe, or stuffy, and that wasn't what I meant at all.

You see, before America entered the war, I had my life very neatly mapped out. I'd had a year at Mechanical Arts, a trade school (*Continued on page* 81)

A POWDER BOX THEATRE STORY

Morton Friedman's original script, "Everything's Changed," presented on The Powder Box Theatre program, was the basis for Radio Mirror's story Never To Part. Shown as John is Jim Ameche, M.C. of The Powder Box Theatre, which each Thursday night at 8:30, over CBS, offers songs by Evelyn Knight and Danny O'Neil, and Ray Bloch and his Orchestra.

The music swept us into the alcove—the music, and a force I couldn't fight. And then I was holding her hard against me.

Kenny just had to tell somebody about his

By **DINAH SHORE**

OF ALL the strange quirks of human personality, I think the thing that fascinates me most is the way people will tell their most private problems to complete strangers. I do it myself—and I'm sure everybody does. I have told cab-drivers and Pullman porters and casual acquaintances on trains and ships more about my personal likes and dislikes, my opinions and early history, than I would dream of telling my closest friends. There is a kind of anonymity about such confidences. You get things off your chest and yet know you'll never see those people again and you'll never be embarrassed by those confidences that you pour out so joyously and recklessly.

It was through this kind of human quirk that I learned the story of Kenny Ruth and his two loves. Kenny worked for NBC, and spent most of his time haunting the studios. When I was there in January, I noticed him during a rehearsal. He was wearing his discharge button, and I asked him what outfit he had been with. He mentioned an 8th Air Force Bomb Group in England—one at which my show had appeared last year, and we started to reminisce, the way people do who have been through tremendous experiences at the same time in the same place, even though they might not have been aware of the other's existence at the time.

We talked for a while and Kenny spoke of the old days so longingly that I said to him, "You sound almost as though you'd like to be back there."

He looked at me sidewise and I could see he was turning something over in his mind. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "I was scared to death over there, especially when I was flying, and I didn't like Army life. But I'm in such an incredible mess right now that I *do*

Until we meet

blem. Sometimes that's a mistake. But Kenny picked the right person to talk to

again

almost wish I were back over there."

I sensed a story immediately, of course, but by that time Harry Von Zell was calling to me in that voice of his, and I knew it was time for my next number. When it was over, Kenny was sitting in a corner of the studio and I went back and sat down with him.

"What's the story?" I asked.

He grinned lopsidedly and said, "You know, I think I *will* tell you about it—even if it bores you a little. I'm sure, after you go back to the Coast, that I'll never see you again. But it'll make me feel a lot better to tell somebody my troubles, and besides, every time I listen to your programs, I'll know that *you* know. That'll help. Besides, to me, you're—well, it's hard to say—but you're kind of a—an *intimate* stranger. I saw you when you were at the base in England that night, you know, but of course I didn't dare try to talk to you. It's different now—you're right here and you're real—and—well, d'you think you can stand to hear about it?"

With that kind of build-up, how could I resist? At any rate, all during my stay in New York, I managed to steal a few minutes during rehearsals to talk to Kenny. Listen would be the better word. He'd bring me a coke from the machine in the lobby and I'd sit with him while, bit by bit, he told me his story.

It was simple enough—at least at first. Kenny was from Richmond, California. When the war came, he enlisted in the Air Force and was sent to England. The girl he left behind him was Mary Ellis. He had wanted to marry her before going away, but after a long talk they had decided against it. It was typical of both of them, I think, that their reasons were based on their ideas of love and security for the other. Kenny didn't want Mary to be tied down while he was away, and he was frightened of coming home to her wounded or scarred. Mary, on the other hand, felt that Kenny would feel freer and less weighed down by responsibility if they waited until he came back. She would wait forever, she told him, and he knew she meant it.

So Kenny went away to England and did Army calisthenics and drank coffee at the Red Cross Aeroclub and bombed Berlin and learned to say "tram" instead of "street-car," and "fruit flan" instead of "apple pie." And Mary wrote to him twice a week and worked in a war plant and saved her money and sent him home-made cookies and socks that she knitted herself. The cookies were usually jarred to crumbs by the time they got to him, and the socks always got lost somewhere in the barracks, but he loved her for sending them and never told her.

At long last, the war was over, and Kenny came home.

And that's where the trouble started. I think probably Mary had been reading too many of those articles about how to treat the returning war veterans—about how they would be restless and difficult and must be humored and mustn't be rushed about getting back to civilian life. At any rate, when Kenny suggested that they get married immediately, she held off. He didn't have a job, she pointed out. He hadn't really gotten back into the swing of peace time yet. It would be awful if he realized after six months that he'd made a dreadful mistake. What if they should start having a family before he'd gotten on his financial feet? It wouldn't be

"This is Dinah Shore," I began. There was a gasp from the other end.

(Continued on page 69)

fair, would it? Why couldn't they wait a few months until things were more settled?

Kenny couldn't understand it. "Look," he told her, "my pilot overseas is a big shot in an advertising agency in New York. He told me he could get me a job in New York any time I wanted it. Why don't we get married now and go there?"

But Mary still held back. She wanted Kenny to be settled a little more before marriage. She wanted him to be *sure*. That made Kenny mad.

"I *am* sure!" he raged. "I've never been surer in my life. What do you suppose I've been thinking about all the time I was over there in England? What do you suppose I used to dream about? Why do you suppose I headed for your house the minute I hit California? Don't be so stupid!"

Mary began to cry, then, and Kenny stopped being mad and comforted her. But the upshot of it was that six weeks later, when a friend of Kenny's asked him if he'd like to drive to New York, Kenny went along. He was to get a job there, find a place to live and, when things looked really stable, Mary was to join him. In the meantime, she would keep her job in California, and go on living with her family as she had before.

I KNOW now, of course, that Mary had no intention of being as cruel as she sounded. She was just frightened for Kenny. And she really thought she was being fair to him. Kenny didn't quite see it, but he thought there was nothing else for him to do but string along the way she wanted him to for a while and see what finally happened. He was glum all the way across the continent, and even when they reached the outskirts of New York, his thoughts were still a confused jumble of Mary and jobs and the war and anger and hope and frustration.

When they finally got into the city, though, and Kenny had phoned his ex-pilot, things began to look brighter. Don McFay hadn't just been talking when he had asked Kenny to look him up. He was genuinely fond of Kenny, with that complete absence of sham or self-consciousness that is sometimes achieved among the members of a bomber crew that have seen plenty of enemy action.

After all, more than once, Don's life had depended on Kenny's keen eyes and steady hands on those waist guns, and there had been other times when Kenny had sent up a prayer of gratitude that it was Don guiding the big ship over flak-infested enemy territory rather than someone whose ability or good sense he couldn't know. There was one time when they came home from a mission with two engines gone and the right wing just barely holding together. That was the time that Don had to crash-land at one of the emergency landing bases on the coast of England, and the whole crew had come up to him afterward and solemnly wrung his hand for getting them back to the ground safely.

Those things you don't forget in a hurry. And when Don realized that it was really Kenny on the other end of the telephone wire, he let out a whoop that could have been heard three blocks away.

"You old son of a gun," he roared over the phone. "You get right on up here. And don't bother to look for a hotel room. You're staying with us. We'll drink to the ETO and that last trip to Regensburg when you get here."

Kenny found his way to Don's apartment with a glow in his heart and a curious constriction in his throat. They fell into each other's arms when Don met him at the door, and pounded each other on the back in choked silence. Don introduced him to his wife, and Kenny went over to her in a rosy sort of daze and kissed her soundly on the lips. Sally McFay put her arms around him quietly and, if Don had been looking at her just then, he would have noticed a soft understanding glow in her eyes.

Sally was a wise wife. She stayed with them for a little while, fixed them some coffee and sandwiches and then kissed Don and went to bed. The two men sat up until four in the morning, and when Kenny finally curled up on the sofa in the livingroom, he was at peace with the world. He could stay there until he found a room of his own, and Don would make certain that he met the right people in his job hunt. They would see a lot of each other, and pretty soon Mary would come to New York. And—Gosh! it was good to be with an old buddy again!

New York is a pretty wonderful place. The people who have lived there all their lives deprecate it to each other and only sing its praises when they are away from it. But to the people who come there for the first time, it is a wonderland of excitement and possibilities and dreams-come-true. I'll never forget the heady feeling of unlimited scope and hidden richnesses I had when I first came to New York. I felt that *any*thing could happen in that queen of all cities. And I suppose it hit Kenny just about the same way.

He loved the fantastic tempo of New York. He became infected with the fever to get places quickly, the hurry-hurry-hurry of the restaurants at lunch-time and the subways in rush hours. He appreciated the easy friendliness of the newsboys and cab drivers and traffic cops when he asked directions. He let New York take him into its arms and whirl him away in the mad steps of the dance that only Manhattan can accomplish.

He got his job all right. Don took him around to a number of places, but in the end Kenny found a spot for himself at NBC. It wasn't much, but he liked the idea of being around the radio studios, and he knew that everything he learned there would stand him in good stead later. It wasn't long before he became a familiar figure at rehearsals. He'd pop in whenever he could steal five minutes from his work. Com-

Dinah Shore double-stars as songstress and Mistress of Ceremonies on NBC's Dinah Shore's Open House. Robert Emmet Dolan's orchestra plays for the show, each Thursday at 8:30 P.M. EST.

It became the most hectic trip Kenny had ever taken when Sybil opened the puppy's box for air.

mercial or sustaining shows, daytime serials or evening musicals—he didn't care what they were, so long as they spelled Radio.

And everyone liked him. Kenny's greatest charm was—and still is—his acceptance of things and people as they are. Nobody is proof against that kind of attitude for long. All the engineers and control men knew him, the actors and actresses gave him friendly grins when they saw him slip into the studios, and even the directors and writers found time to toss him a nod or a wink when the pressure wasn't too nerve-wracking.

That was where he met Sybil Baker, of course. She had a bit part in a mystery drama one night and, during rehearsals, he noticed that she was very nervous and didn't talk to any of the rest of the actors. After the show was over, Kenny wandered down to the NBC drugstore for toast and coffee before going home to the little furnished room he had found on Forty-Ninth Street, and there was Sybil, off at a corner table by herself, crying quietly into a soggy bit of lace and linen while she pretended to be eating a sandwich and reading a book.

Kenny sat at the counter and chewed slowly at his toast while he wondered what he should do. He had the usual innate male reluctance to face a woman's tears. But on the other hand he knew who she was and he felt that after all she was in radio and therefore to a certain extent a concern of his. He was at the point where anyone with even a remote connection with his favorite (*Continued on page* 69)

A song as pretty as the girl who is the heroine of the story introduces this CBS serial

ROSEMARY

Lyrics By
PETER THOMAS

Words By
LEW WHITE

ROSE - MAR - Y, _____ with your turned up nose and sau - cy air! My

ROSE - MAR - Y, _____ where'd you get that crop of curl - y hair? Your

eyes do things ___ each time they see me, Are they wise, ___

rall.

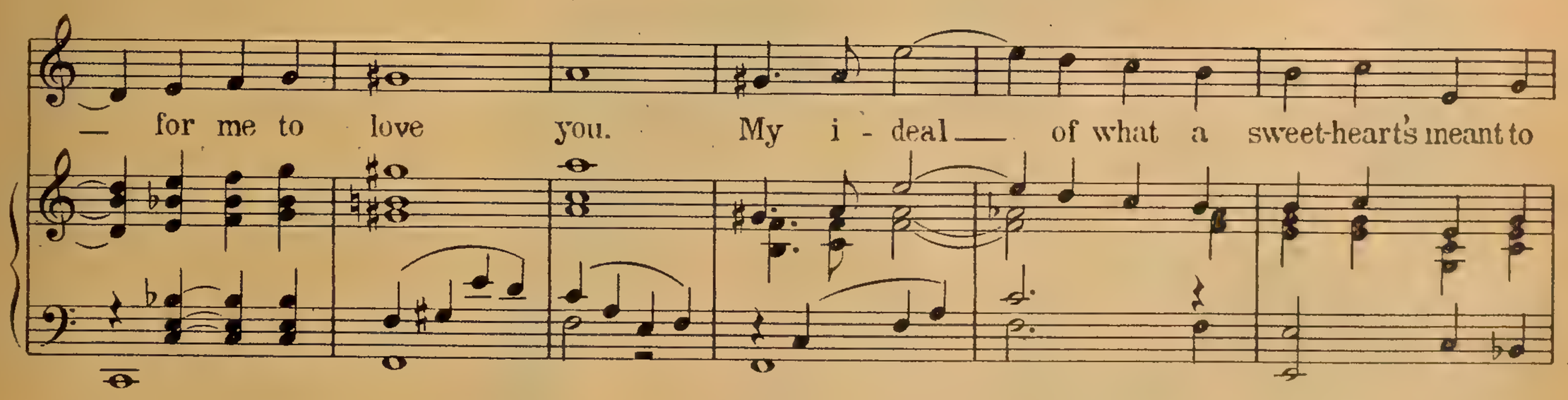
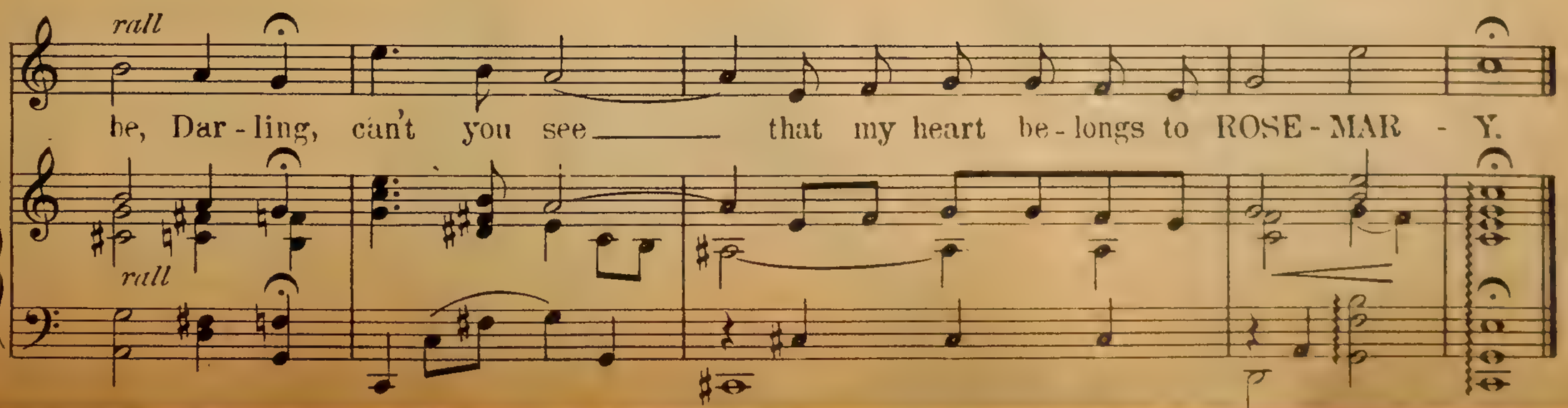
___ or just a lit - tle bit dream - y? ROSE - MAR - Y, _____

rall.

___ with your head up in the clouds a - bove you, You are made ___

Copyright 1945, by Lew White

heard Monday through Friday, coast to coast

Rosemary is the story of a girl whose family ties are deep and strong, whose devotion to her mother and young sister makes it easy for her to shoulder the responsibilities that fall to her because the family is fatherless. She is a vital, intelligent, and very attractive young person—much like Betty Winkler, who is heard in the serial each day playing the story's title role.

"It didn't seem

The very first time Ginny and Hyatt talked, he proposed marriage.

By

GINNY

SIMMS

The Ginny Simms show is heard Friday at 7:30 P.M., EST, CBS

true!"

Of course it didn't seem true—

it only happens to a rare

and fortunate few. But

Ginny and Hyatt Dehn are both

Enthusiastically, Ginny offers marriage as the perfect problem-solver. But there's an "if . . ."

THE very first time Hyatt Dehn and I talked—the first time we ever had a chance to sit down and carry on a real conversation—he proposed to me!

Hyatt and I had been casually introduced several times before at various Hollywood social functions. But, like all such parties, with dozens and dozens of people milling around, no one really has an opportunity to get to know anyone well. There are so many people to say "Hello" to, you simply don't have time to relax and talk to one person for more than a few seconds.

Of course, I remembered Hyatt from our casual meetings at parties, but I didn't become really interested in him until I received an invitation to another big party—this one at the home of Hyatt Robert Dehn himself!

The invitation was for dinner and was a housewarming. Hyatt had just completed a beautiful new hilltop bachelor house in Beverly Hills. During the evening we had an opportunity to become slightly better acquainted, but it was the same story—too many people around to talk! Of course, I knew that Hyatt was the young founder of the Defense Housing Corporation. I didn't even know what his favorite books were, what sports he liked best or what was his favorite dish.

Hyatt asked me for a date on the following night, and I quickly accepted.

We had the date, and before the evening was over Hyatt proposed to me. We had found out, during the evening, that though his career as an architect and builder and mine as a singer and actress were widely separated, we had everything in common—interests, ambitions, hopes and plans.

I wore a dark blue taffeta dinner dress for that date. Hyatt liked that dress so well that, scarcely six weeks later—on July 28, 1945—when we were married, he asked me to wear the same dress.

I may have been a bit foggy on my lines on the set the next day—but did that matter? A girl accepting a marriage proposal can't be expected to be down-to-earth the next day.

During our long discussion on our first date, I discovered I knew a lot about Hyatt's pet projects—housing for returning veterans, housing for factory workers, housing in various settlement projects—all projects in which Hyatt was then immersed. And despite the fact that I'd known him for just one evening, I knew a lot about Hyatt—including that I loved him.

The next week was an exciting one for both of us. I went with Hyatt to look at his housing projects—the attractive small houses, no two alike, each with a wood-burning fireplace (a pet notion of my husband's—no house is a home without an open fire). And Hyatt went with me to the recording studio and watched while I recorded "Till the End of Time," a song which will always seem like our theme song.

We were already talking about getting married.

At that time, September seemed the earliest possible date. I was to be busy at the Universal Studios in "Shady Lady" all through July and August, but in September I thought I would be able to have a little time off. Then, just as we began to make plans, I was signed to appear in "Night and Day," the picture presenting the life of the famed song writer, Cole Porter, which the Warner Brothers Studio was making. And the opening of my new CBS radio show was set to start late in September.

Hyatt, realizing I guess that this sort of thing could go on forever, thought we should be married right away, pictures or no pictures, radio or no radio. Considering the fact that I had had only three weeks off during the last seven years, I had to concede that he was right. So we set the wedding for July 28.

I worked until six on the day of the wedding—Hyatt had my things moved into the house (no longer to be a "bachelor house") in the afternoon. I scarcely had (*Continued on page* 89)

Mainstay

There's nothing like an egg for versatility. Use it anywhere, in any meal, from your breakfast poached-on-toast to your elegant dinner souffle.

EASTER TIME, when gaily colored eggs are number one on your children's hit parade, is a good time to think about the importance of eggs in everyday good eating and good health. A complete protein, as meat is, the egg is also rich in Vitamins A, B and D and is an excellent source of calcium and phosphorus, those essentials for sturdy bones and teeth. You probably think of them automatically when planning breakfast or a fluffy dessert, but to make sure that your family is getting its daily quota of eggs, try some of this month's recipes for other varieties of egg dishes. Learn to use eggs not as filler-inners, but as the basis for real, main-course dishes.

By
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EST.

Creamed Egg and Mushroom Casserole

4 cups mushroom caps
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
⅛ teaspoon pepper
6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered

Prepare mushroom caps. Saute in butter until tender. Add flour, stir until smooth. Add milk gradually, cooking until thickened, stirring constantly. Add seasonings and eggs. Turn into greased casserole. Top with biscuits. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 or 25 minutes, or until biscuits are done. Serves 8 to 10.

Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk and stir until soft dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll ½ inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch cutter. Bake as above.

Grilled Plate with Scrambled Eggs

3 tomatoes, peeled
4 eggs, scrambled
6 slices toast, buttered and cut in triangles
6 rounds toast, buttered
6 slices bacon, broiled

Cut tomatoes in half crosswise. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in pan under hot broiler until partially cooked. Place on rounds of toast. Pile scrambled eggs on tomatoes and place slice of bacon on top. Serve on platter; garnish with toast triangles. Serve at once. Serves 6. Tomatoes and bacon may be pan-broiled instead of oven-broiled, if desired.

For best results in egg recipes, here are some tips to remember:

Eggs should always be kept in the refrigerator.

Separate yolk and white immediately after taking from refrigerator.

Remove from refrigerator and allow to reach room temperature before beating.

To prevent broken yolks in frying and cracked shells in eggs cooked in the shell, remove from refrigerator and allow to reach room temperature before cooking.

Cook at low to moderate temperature.

Do not boil eggs; cook them in water just below the boiling point.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
		8:45	CBS:	Bennett Sisters
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Trio
		9:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Chaplin Jim
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Eternal Light
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Robert Merrill Show
		12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour
1:30		12:30	ABC:	Stradivari Orchestra
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
		1:00	MBS:	American Radio Warblers
		1:15	NBC:	America United
	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Orson Welles
		1:15	MBS:	Ika Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
		2:00	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Pro Arte Quartet
		2:00	ABC:	Hollywood Star Time
		2:15	ABC:	Dorothy Claire, Songs
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
11:30		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:45	MBS:	The World Tomorrow
		3:00	MBS:	Songs Along the Trail
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
12:15		3:15	ABC:	Galen Drake
12:30	2:30	2:00	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, Songs
		3:30	ABC:	Johnny Thompson and Ilena Woods
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	The National Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Murder Is My Hobby
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Deems Taylor-Raymond Paige Orchestra
		4:30	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	ABC:	Jones & I, drama
		5:00	MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
2:30		5:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
2:30		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Ozzie and Harriet
3:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Radio Hall of Fame
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:00	5:30	6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30	ABC:	Phil Davis
		7:00	MBS:	Operatic Review
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
9:00		7:00	CBS:	The Thin Man
		7:30	MBS:	Adventures in Rhythm
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
5:00		8:00	ABC:	Ford Hour
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen
		8:45	MBS:	Don't Be a Sucker
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Request Performance
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry Go-Round
6:15	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Louella Parsons' Show
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater James Melton
6.30		9:30	ABC:	Former Mayor LaGuardia
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:30	9:45	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theater Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	Sunday Night Show
	10:30	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE

Johnny Mercer didn't come to New York recently on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, but whatever he rode must have been going pretty fast because Johnny picked up some early speed that has sent him shooting to the ceiling of the entertainment world, his most immediate big splurge being on Your Hit Parade with Joan Edwards (Saturdays, CBS, 9:00 P.M. EST).

It was always in Johnny's mind to be in the theater, but he was a wise young man and kept that to himself until it would do him some good. As a result, he submitted quietly to a formal education at the Woodbury Forest School in Virginia.

His first acting was with an amateur group, the Savannah Players. In 1929, he landed a small part with the New York Theatre Guild in its production of "The Hero."

His first song to capture the public's fancy was "Out of Breath, Scared to Death of You," which he wrote for the "Garrick Gaieties," in collaboration with Everet Miller, who wrote the music. Johnny has very fond memories, indeed, of the "Garrick Gaieties." His first song hit appeared in that show. More important, in its cast was a pretty young lady named Elizabeth Meehan, who later became Mrs. Mercer. They have a six-year-old daughter, Amanda, who is, of course, the inspiration for Mercer's hit song, "Mandy is Two," which came out four years ago.

Johnny is an accomplished cook and a rather fair golfer. He admits Bing Crosby is a much better player. Still, Crosby is his favorite opponent on the links.

The list of Mercer lyrics up to "Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe," is a long one. Some of the better known are "Lazy Bones," and "Goodie, Goodie" and "I'm An Old Cowhand From the Rio Grande."

Johnny's career has been varied. He did a number of singing stints with various bands, among them Paul Whiteman's orchestra. While on that job, he wrote "Pardon My Southern Accent" and "Here Come The British." He wrote the lyrics for the movie musical "Old Man Rhythm" and some of his other movie songs are "Ready, Willing and Able" and "Hollywood Hotel." While in New York, this last time, he combined his chores on the Hit Parade show with work on writing a new musical "St. Louis Woman," which is set for a Broadway opening sometime this coming summer.

Being very practical about his career—knowing how it will never really let him settle down in any one place—and being only too well aware of the housing problem, Johnny and his wife, Elizabeth, maintain two homes, a house in Hollywood and an apartment in New York, off Central Park.

MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
8:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	A Woman's Life
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
3:45	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Town
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollyweed
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
3:00		4:15	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:30	CBS:	Gordon MacRae, Songs
		4:30	ABC:	Time for Women
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual's Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll Sings
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club
8:00	8:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood Show
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Bob Hawk Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15	ABC:	Hedda Hopper
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Joan Davis
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
		9:00	ABC:	I Deal in Crime
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
7:00		10:00	ABC:	Bill Thompson Show
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program R
		10:00	MBS:	Your Land and Mine
		10:15	MBS:	Jon Gart Trio M
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.
		10:30	ABC:	Swinging on the Golden Gate
		10:30	MBS:	Detect-a-Tune

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Tic Toc Time
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
2:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	A Woman's Life
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
3:45	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Margaret Macdonald
		1:30	MBS:	Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3.00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Remember
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	ABC:	Tune for Women
		4:30	CBS:	Gordon MacRae, songs
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	8:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood Show
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
3:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Barry Fitzgerald
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, Herb Shriner
		8:00	MBS:	Leave It To Mike
		8:30	ABC:	Dark Venture
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Amos & Andy
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
10:45	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
7:00		10:00	ABC:	Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bop Hope
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Better Half
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton's Scrapbook
		11:15	CBS:	Janette Davis
		11:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer

MINNIE IS SMALL, BUT OH, MY!

You have to watch her broadcasting to believe that the heavy accent and the perfectly wonderful characterization known nationally as "Mrs. Nussbaum," on the Fred Allen Show (Sundays, NBC, 8:30 EST) comes from her. Minerva Pious is small—only five feet tall and weighing less than 100 pounds—and dainty and reserved.

Minerva Pious comes by her grand store of accents, in a way, naturally. She was born in Russia, near Odessa. Her family emigrated to this country when Minerva was two, but in the course of her life she has had many opportunities to hear real foreign accents and to absorb them. Most of her childhood was spent in Bridgeport, Conn., where her father soon worked out a wholesale candy business.

Nobody, least of all Minerva, thought of the theater, or radio—which was unheard of then—as a future career for her. There had never been any actors in the family. But Minerva's infallible ear for the way people really speak, especially people who don't follow all the rules laid down by the demands of good diction, showed itself at a very early age. Even as a little girl, she liked to mimic people, and the people who heard her went into stitches. It was all for fun, though. Minerva never even thought of making anything of this.

A few years of secretarial experience in Bridgeport and she decided to try her wings a bit. She came to New York, first making sure she had a job—as a secretary at King Features. After awhile there, she shifted over to the promotion department, the main promotion being her own, because she became a writer.

Having discovered this talent for stringing words together so they made good sense—and paid off—Minerva changed jobs again, this time getting herself a position as a writer of trailer copy for Loew's Theaters' pictures.

Then, somehow, she found herself talked into reviving an old talent. Minerva had taken piano lessons as a child. Suddenly, those lessons were put to good use. They served to introduce Minerva to her first radio audience, playing as an accompanist to Harry Tugend.

Of course, all these years, wherever she went, Minerva couldn't resist mimicking people. Harry Tugend heard her and nothing would do but that he get his good friend, Fred Allen, to listen to her, too. That was in 1932. In January 1933, Minerva made her debut on the Fred Allen program—and she's been there ever since, one of the most famous stooges that program has ever discovered.

But Minerva is more than a stooge. Norman Corwin thinks she's one of the finest actresses he ever knew—as well as one of the finest people. Corwin even wrote one of his best scripts expressly for her to perform the lead in, a part, incidentally, which didn't call on her to use any accent, at all, but a strictly fine American one.

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	NBC:	Tic Toc Time
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun with Music
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	A Woman's Life
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
3:45	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	ABC:	Beautiful Music
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Gordon MacRae, songs
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	This Is Your Country
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
	3:35	5:45	CBS:	Feature Story
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Hildegarde
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Bob Crosby Show
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	So You Want to Lead a Band?
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Ralph Morgan's Music
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Auction Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Andrews Sisters
		10:30	MBS:	Ralph Slater
		10:30	ABC:	Betty and Buddy

She's like "a dainty rogue in porcelain," with an adorable *jeune fille* look!

ARTA FOLWELL
TO WED STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR.
EX-INFANTRY OFFICER

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Arta Parvin Folwell, to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr., of Washington, D. C., formerly a Lieutenant in the Infantry.

MERCY STEEL—Arta helps sort and clean surgical instruments to be shipped to Europe. Since 1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee has been sending supplies throughout the free world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect, sort, and clean them before they are sent.

SHE'S *Engaged!* SHE'S *Lovely!* SHE USES *Pond's!*

IT WAS AT A PARTY in Atlanta that Arta and Stephen met, and it's easy to see why she danced into his heart.

Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm, friendly brown, her complexion pink-and-white and baby soft. "I use lots of Pond's Cold Cream on my face right along," she says. "It makes my skin feel really *super*."

Yes—she's *another* engaged girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's complexion! And *this* is how she cares for it:

Arta smooths snowy Pond's generously all over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second creaming of silky-soft Pond's, working it round her face with little circles of her cream-covered fingers. Tissues off again. "I like to *cream double* each time—for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening," she says.

Pond's *your* face twice a day—as Arta does—*every morning* when you get up, *every night* at bedtime. In-between clean-ups, too! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big* luxury jar of Pond's Cold Cream *today!*

HER RING—a stunning diamond in a square setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Geraldine Spreckels
The Lady Moyra Forester
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Duchess de Richelieu

R M

KEEP FRESH: After your bath dust Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body. It sweetens your skin, leaves you excitingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH: Pat some *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places to give sensitive skin a pearly smooth sheath of protection.

STAY DAINTY: Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc *often*—for coolness, comfort and because it imparts to your skin *the fragrance men love.*

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes
For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢

THURSDAY

Eastern Standard Time

P.S.T.	C.S.T.			
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Tic Toc Time
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
		11:00	CBS:	Cecil Brown
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
3:45	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
		1:30	MBS:	Smile Time
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
		4:30	CBS:	Gordon MacRae, songs
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	ABC:	Time for Women
	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Feature Story
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Encore Appearance
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood Show
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Burns and Allen
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
		8:00	MBS:	Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	FBI in Peace and War
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore's Open House
		8:30	MBS:	Rogue's Gallery
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Andre Kostelanetz
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
		9:15	NBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eve Arden
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Island Venture
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Curtain Time, drama
		10:00	MBS:	You Make the News
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
		10:30	ABC:	Here's Morgan
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Powder Box Theater
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's the Thing

BUSY, BUSY, BUSY

Practically any time you tune in on NBC, you're likely to hear the very special voice and diction that belongs to Ben Grauer. He announces for Mr. District Attorney, Information Please, Music of the New World, General Motors Symphony of the Air and Mr. and Mrs. North. Just to vary his routine a bit, he does the announcing stint on the Walter Winchell show over ABC.

Ben Grauer was born in 1908 in a remotely situated cottage on Staten Island. Six years later, the Grauer family took the ferry to Manhattan and settled down for good in the Morningside Heights section. Ben attended Public School No. 10, went to high school at Townsend Harris Hall and on to the College of the City of New York.

His professional career started when he was eight, at one of those Saturday afternoon dancing schools where a movie scout picked several of the kids to appear in a film production. Ben was among those chosen and performed so well that he suddenly found himself being an actor—but regularly. He was combining a theater and movie career with his studies.

He created the original movie role of Georgie Bassett in "Penrod" and worked at the old Fox Studios at Fort Lee with such famous luminaries of the silent screen as Carlisle Blackwell, Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick and Madge Evans—who was making a big hit those days as a long-curled blonde imp. On the stage, Grauer was kept pretty busy playing children's parts in dozens of productions.

All this time, Ben was going to school, too. At City College, he was the dramatic critic of the school newspaper, editor-in-chief of the literary magazine and, in 1930, he won the Sandham Prize for extemporaneous speaking over a field of 200.

It was in October of that same year that Ben walked into the NBC studios for a dramatic audition. Two hours after he walked in, very much to his surprise, he walked out with a contract in his hand—a contract that designated his future status as a full fledged announcer.

During the war years, Grauer tacked a large number of working hours on this already tough schedule, contributing his services to Bond Rallies and entertainments for servicemen. In addition to his radio chores, for the last three years, he's done the narrating job on a series of short features screened under the auspices of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, to date having made about twelve quickies, designed to educate Americans on the life and times of our neighbors in the land of the Rhumbas.

One of the busiest announcers on radio today, Grauer is also one of the most versatile. He's a fine m. c. and can bring authority to any kind of broadcast, probably because he always likes to know what he's talking about and, as a result, takes an active interest in all kinds of subjects, from politics to swing.

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Tic Toc Time
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS:	Sing Along
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
3:45	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Gordon MacRae, songs
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	ABC:	Time for Women
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:40	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
8:00	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood Show
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Ginny Simms Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
		8:00	MBS:	Human Adventure
8:00		8:00	ABC:	Woody Herman Show
8:30		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		8:30	MBS:	So You Think You Know Music
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Alan Young Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Durante & Moore
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Front Page News
		10:00	MBS:	Your Land and Mine
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Danny Kaye Show
		10:15	MBS:	Jon Gart Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie

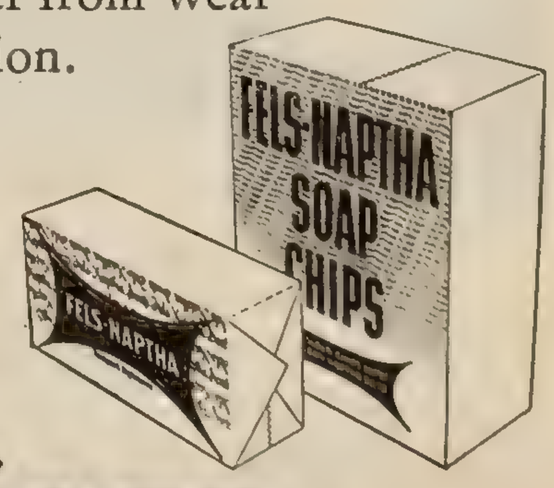
IN THE SPRING.
A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Ah, Spring! When birds are a-twitter . . . when the sap begins to run again (*no offense, Junior*) . . . and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

Now's the time when harried mothers are more than ever grateful for Fels-Naptha Soap. With clean shirts in constant demand, it's a real relief to use this faster, gentler soap. . .

There's relief from endless hours in the laundry. Relief from ordinary washing wear on collars and cuffs. Not to mention relief from wear and tear on Mother's disposition.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Youth!
(*and from the ladies, in chorus*)
A-h-h-h, Fels-Naptha!



Fels-Naptha Soap

R
M

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

"Let's keep Our Love Exciting"

"No woman was ever loved *as I love you,"* you said. *"Keep your hands soft, dearest."* I'm so glad I used Jergens Lotion. . . . Preferred hand care with the loveliest women. Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Now more effective than ever. Thanks to new wartime knowledge of skin-care, Jergens scientists now make Jergens Lotion even finer. *"My hands feel even smoother, softer;" "Protects longer;"* women said after testing.

"Fun—making a home together." Her hands still so friendly-soft. Those 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-softening are included in this postwar Jergens Lotion. In the stores today—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never sticky; no oiliness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

SATURDAY

Eastern Standard Time

P.S.T.	C.S.T.			
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:00		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Fashions in Melody
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
		10:00	ABC:	Galen Drake
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Albert Warner
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Eileen Barton Show
		10:15	MBS:	Southern Harmonizers
9:15		10:15	ABC:	Club Time
		10:30	MBS:	Smiling Ed McConnell
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
		10:30	ABC:	Teen Town
		10:45	MBS:	Southern Harmonizers
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABS:	Bible Message
		11:30	MBS:	Land of the Lost
		11:30	ABC:	Betty Moore
		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
	11:00	12:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
		12:00	MBS:	House of Mystery
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Symphonies for Youth
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Opry House Matinee
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
		1:30	MBS:	Opry House Matinee
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		1:45	NBC:	Edward Tomlinson
11:15	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host is Buffalo
		2:15	MBS:	Don McGrove's Orchestra
		2:30	CBS:	Columbia Workshop
		2:45	NBC:	Stories by Olmsted
		3:00	MBS:	Sinfonietta
		3:00	NBC:	Orchestras of the Nation
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors at Home
		4:30	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
		5:00	ABC:	Tea and Crumpets
2:00	2:00	5:00	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
		5:00	NBC:	Music of the Moment
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
		5:45	ABC:	Charles Jordan
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00	MBS:	Cleveland Symphony
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Hank D'Amice Orchestra
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:45		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
4:00		7:00	ABC:	It's Your Business
		7:15	ABC:	Correspondents Abroad
7:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC:	Jimmy Edmundson
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS:	The First Nighter
		7:45	MBS:	I Was a Convict
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Dick Haymes Show
		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
		8:00	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		8:15	ABC:	Here's Morgan
		8:30	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:30	MBS:	Harry Savoy Show
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Break the Bank
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Boston Symphony
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
7:15	7:15	10:15	CBS:	Celebrity Club
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 39*)

a solution for every problem it presents.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Janet R. Andrus
1649 16th Street
Wyandotte, Michigan

Dear Chichi:

I never thought that I ever could be happy and Life could be beautiful as I was married very young and first of all my husband did not make big wages. But we had eight children, six girls, two boys. I had twin girls and when they were 18 months old my husband had to go to a hospital in Cresson, Pa. for three months for his health and then there was a depression and I went out to work and during the depression we had the 1936 flood. We lost everything we had as we live 25 miles below Pittsburgh. But I worked for this one family 16 years so today I have my family all married; one daughter in Spars. My husband has a steady job and then last June we were in New York for 10 days and I enjoyed it so much that life can be beautiful that we want to come back this next June or July as I love Broadway.

I am now 64 years old and there are so many things I would like to do to make other people happy as I don't have to go out to work anymore. But I still think life would be beautiful if I could cook for some one.

Thanks,
Mrs. George Masters
West Bridgewater
Beaver Co., Pa.

P.S. I have had wonderful family; my girls never cause me a minute's worry and all have nice homes. My husband works on one of the big railroad lines and we get our passes in to N. Y. So after waiting 64 years life can be beautiful but it takes a lot of faith and prayers.

Dear Chichi:

I'm not very good at putting down on paper what I feel.

I don't think I can win the contest but what I'm writing you is a true story.

You see I have been married three years and two weeks after my little girl was born my house burned down. We lost every thing we had to our name.

Well, one year and a half passed and then one night in October while I had gone to the store my little girl got out of the house and got run over by a car.

When I went home and found out she was gone you can guess how I felt. And then we found out that she had gotten hit. We did not know for two days if she would live or die. Well she is not all well yet but some day maybe she will be. But I'm glad to know she is alive. We don't have very much but we have our children and we thank God for them and our health. This is my experience, I don't know if it is what you want but here it is.

Thank you, Chichi,
Fern Reedy.

P.S. Say hello to all Life Can Be Beautiful cast.

Fern.

February 15, 1946
Independence, La.

Dear Chichi:

It is with pleasure I write you the story of my life. I feel that you, of all

Here's the way to take this thrilling 1-Cream Beauty Treatment

Helps Erase Those "Worry Lines"

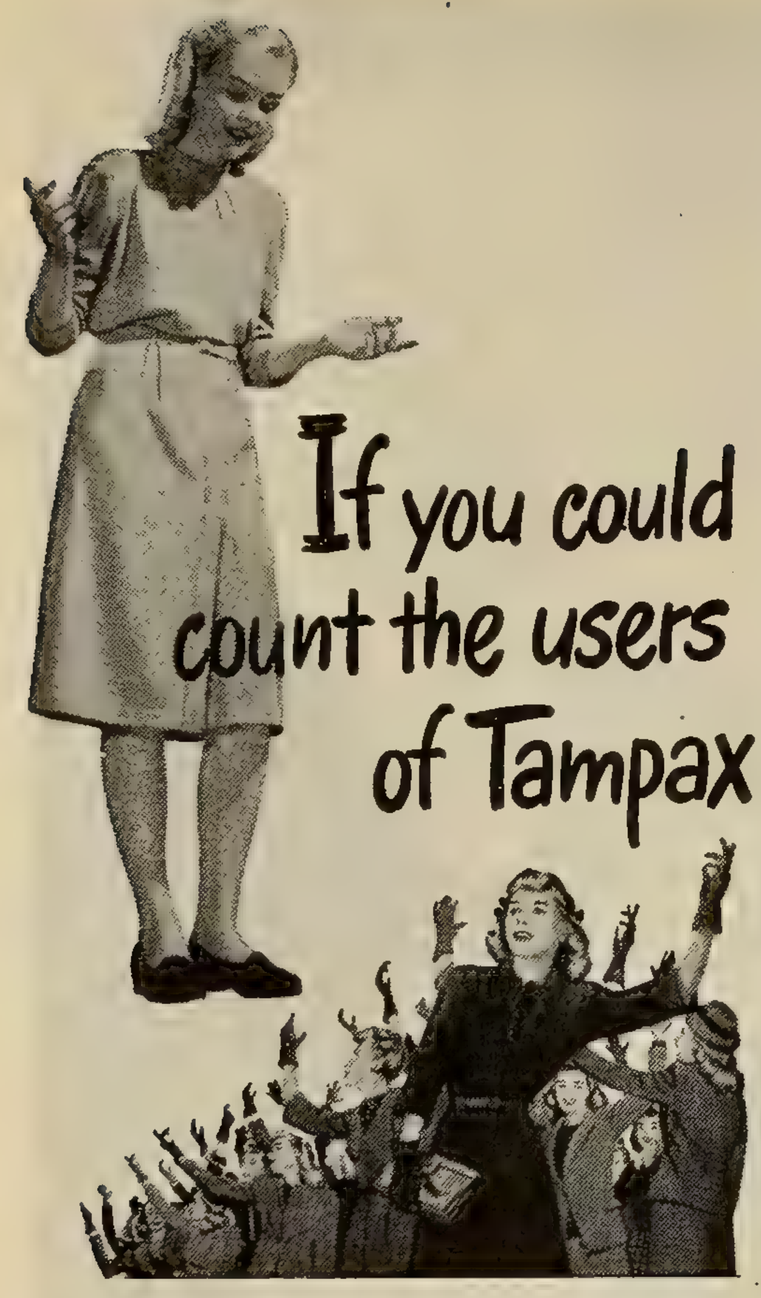
Devote a few quick minutes every day to smooth-skin treatments with new Jergens Face Cream. Simply use this versatile cream as though it were 4 creams:

1. **for Make-up Removal; strict Cleansing**
2. **for Softening**
3. **for a charming Foundation**
4. **as a Night Cream—doesn't tolerate dry skin; helps against dry-skin lines**

Nice to know: Jergens Face Cream is made by the skin scientists who make Jergens Lotion. Be delighted—like girls everywhere—with the easy skin care of Jergens Face Cream. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.

JERGENS FACE CREAM R M

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin



IF you could count the millions of users of Tampax, you would find them living in country houses, city apartments, even tents. You would find them on trains, boats, planes and islands—in both hemispheres, six continents, seventy-five countries, and speaking dozens of languages. The sun never sets on them.

Those who have followed the history of Tampax are astounded by the number of women already using this monthly sanitary method, because the change from external protection to *internal* protection seems so decidedly revolutionary . . . Just imagine discarding the harness of belts, pins and external pads by the one swift decision to use Tampax! . . . No odor, no chafing, easy disposal. In place you cannot feel it and you need not remove it for shower or tub.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator. . . . Sold in 3 "absorbencies" at drug stores, notion counters. Month's supply slips into your purse. The economy box contains enough for 4 months' average needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

people will understand and appreciate it most.

I am a widow of the late W. A. Houghton, Attorney and Notary and "Honest Lawyer." He died in April 1939 after an extended illness, leaving me five children, two married, and three to be cared for and educated. I, too, was in poor health, and my story will center around these facts.

After my debts were paid I found I had no money, no income, no vocation and no health. I had a little girl six and a son twelve years respectively. I had a son twenty years old in college. He quit school and went to work for a small salary, in order that we might have food and clothes, and that the younger ones might go to public schools.

When war was declared I felt that my son wanted to enlist; he knew I wasn't well and didn't know just what this would do to me, so he didn't enlist for almost one year. Finally in April 1942, he enlisted in the Air Forces. He had a year's training in the States and in May 1943 was sent to Europe, about the first of American Air Forces to arrive there. He made five missions and was shot down over occupied France on June 26th, 1943. I received cablegram about ten days later that he was "Missing in Action."

It is needless to tell you what this did to me as I was suffering with "Hypertension." Five doctors told me I could not live, some said five years, some two, and one told me I would not be alive "One year from now." But I had a will to live and no fear. I went to a younger doctor, about forty years old, who had recently been discharged from the Army on account of heart ailment similar to mine. He examined me, looked at me, long and hard, and said, I quote, "Do you know how to pray? No human being can help you."

I knew a place I could go and ask for prayer and pray with them at a certain time each day. After about ten days I heard through a friend that my son was not dead but was coming out through the Underground. This relieved my mind some and in about ten days I had a cablegram from my son, I quote, "Am at base—safe and well—keep the home fires burning."

I began getting better right away. My son came home, stayed in the States one year and asked to go back, made 35 more missions, returned to the States in May 1945, was honorably discharged and is at home going to school on the GI bill of rights. My second son, 18 years, will be home from Japan in March. He too, will go to school when discharged. My young daughter is in seventh grade now and all is well.

I have my health, my children, and enough to make me comfortable and life worth living. My last remark, "Oh Lord, Teach me to pray."

An ardent admirer of your program and you,

Birdie Mae Houghton
Rt. 2 Box 150
Independence, La.

Dear Chichi:

A little over eleven years ago I thought life and the world couldn't be any blacker. My husband was only working three and four days a week, bringing home twelve and fourteen dollars as wages each week. We just barely made ends meet. We had three small children, and the youngest, a boy of three months, suddenly contracted a cold.

Having no money for medical care I did the best I could to make him well. One afternoon he slept (as I thought) for six hours. After that length of time I thought I should wake him as he surely must be hungry. But he wasn't sleeping, he was unconscious. I called the doctor, not caring whether I had the money or where I would get it to pay him. He diagnosed it as lobar pneumonia. For nine days our baby hovered between life and death.

Having no funds to send him to a hospital we blocked off our livingroom with sheets and blankets as the doctor said he must be isolated from the rest of the family.

During the first few days of his illness our two daughters broke out with measles and had to be isolated in an upstairs bedroom with my sister taking care of them. Life really seemed black. On the ninth day of our baby's illness he suddenly took a turn for the worse. He looked like death itself and I couldn't detect his pulse or see him breathe.

I sent my sister for the doctor and I got down on my knees beside the baby's crib and prayed as I had never prayed before. "Dear God please don't take our son from us, we have had him such a short time." The doctor didn't arrive for an hour as he was out on a call, but in that hour it seemed a miracle had happened, because when the doctor arrived the baby had his eyes open and looked better than he had looked in days. I looked at the doctor feeling a little embarrassed, and apologized for becoming so alarmed. But he said, "please don't apologize for that was the crisis, and with babies, one minute they seem beyond all help and the next minute they are fine." But in that hour, waiting for the doctor I was firmly convinced that "Life can be beautiful." Our son was spared.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Dorothy White
820 E. Mercer St.
Phila. 25, Pa.

Dear Chichi:

I want to tell you about a birthday I once had. I was always very close to mother—perhaps because I wasn't strong and she was a wonderful person. Then she died that November and I was recovering from a nervous breakdown, I was in a daze and nothing consoled me. My birthday was in December and a few days before I found a gift. It was left by mother before she went to the hospital. Can you imagine how much I loved it, Chichi? It was the best birthday I could have had—except for having her with me—my pal, my buddy, my mom.

Life can be beautiful.

Sincerely,
June C. Wilson.
Mrs. W. Frank Wilson
P. O. Box 123
Dauphin, Pa.

Those are all the letters we have room for this month—but keep sending me your letters, won't you? So many of you have been kind enough to say that the Life Can Be Beautiful program is an inspiration to you—it makes me very happy to be able to say now, in return, that your letters are an inspiration to Papa David and me.

And may I ask one favor of you—we have so many letters that we would like to be able to tell at a glance which ones are for the Life Can Be Beautiful page. Will you clip the box telling about the hundred dollar award, on page 38, and send it in with your letters? Thank you so much—it will be a great help to us.

Easter in Tennessee

(*Continued from page 25*)

heart, I can tell you!" Her eyes shone.

"What did you do that made the day so pleasant?" I asked her. And it wasn't just that I wanted to keep her talking on a subject that obviously gave her so much pleasure. I was interested—I wanted to know about it. Already, the look on her face was making Sara and Josh Hendricks come alive for me.

It was all fun, from beginning to end, as it remained in Judy's memory. First there was the big drink of sweet cider. Then the scurry down the hill to the brook where, in the moss and the bushes and the trees, and even between the rocks in the eddying water, Uncle Josh had hidden the eggs which Aunt Sara had boiled and painted the day before.

"We kids scrambled around like mad," Judy told me, "shouting and whistling and calling to each other, each of us feeling as if we'd found a real treasure each time we discovered another egg." For the first time, I saw her eyes light up with real laughter. "Sometimes, too, there'd be a scrap about who had found a particular egg, but there was something about those Easter parties that kept us from really coming to blows."

She could still remember, Judy said, the little straw basket in which she carried her treasures back up to the house. There was a special prize for the child who found the most eggs. "It was usually one of the boys," she explained, "but it didn't really matter, because the prize was a big bag of Aunt Sara's homemade candy—I've never tasted anything like it, anywhere else—and we all shared it."

AFTER the egg hunt, Uncle Josh would supervise while the children went wading in the creek—the first "swim" of the year. There was still a chill in the Tennessee air, but Spring's promise was everywhere in the peeping new grass and the bright sunshine. And of course the kids shouted and screeched and made much of the coldness of the water, and loved every minute of it.

And then came Aunt Sara's magnificent Easter dinner—Judy's very telling of it made my mouth water. "Roast chicken, and candied yams, and creamed carrots and peas," she enumerated, ticking them off on her fingers, "and spinach—even that tasted good the way Aunt Sara fixed it. And to top it all off, her wonderful banana cocoanut cake. I loved that better than anything—I can taste it now!"

When dinner was over, there'd be a big log to burn in the fireplace, and all the children would sit around and listen to Uncle Josh tell his famous stories. And always he'd tell the one about the hens and the rabbits—how the hens, worrying about not being able to hide their eggs for the children to find on Easter morning, asked the rabbits, who knew the woods so well, to hide them. That was how the Easter bunnies came into being—benevolent and kindly fellows who did what the hens asked so that the children could have an Easter egg hunt each year. The Easter egg, Uncle Josh would go on to explain, was the symbol of the return of Spring, the promise of life.

"I knew the story by heart, of course," Judy said. "But every year I listened as hard as if I were hearing it for the first time. I loved it so!"

By the time Judy was through with

LANA TURNER, STARRING IN M·G·M'S "THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE"

Pink of Perfection

Woodbury Flesh

LANA TURNER

. . . of the rose-bud skin! Capture her look of pink-toned perfection, of bewitch-and-bewilder beauty—with Woodbury Film-Finish FLESH! Luscious-petal-soft pink—*so color-full*—thanks to exclu-sive Film-Finish blending. Pretty in the box . . . AND . . . color-true on your skin! Compare its velvet texture—more flattering than the powder you're wearing. And Woodbury color *stays*-*fresh* . . . its *cling* masks tiny flaws for hours. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

Pretty Smooth! Before powdering, fluff on WOODBURY CREAM-PUFF POWDER BASE. Make-up c-l-i-n-g-s!

LOVE-ly LANA is the Woodbury FLESH type!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE UP . . . will be 3 for 11

1. Big $1 box of Woodbury Film-Finish Powder
2. Star-styled lipstick—your *just-right* shade
3. Matching rouge—your *just-right* shade

Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

Woodbury new film-finish Powder

Why not bring out the natural glossy highlights of *your* hair like Powers Models?

Miss Jane Gilbert, stunning Powers Girl, is thrilled the way beautifying Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair shining-bright and lustrous for days!

Positively never leaves any excess dull, soapy film. Men can't help admire shimmering highlights in a girl's hair. They like the soft, silky feel of it under their fingers.

So, girls—why not take a tip from gorgeous Powers Models who are famous for their naturally soft lustrous hair? Powers Girls use Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair! Kreml Shampoo is an arch conspirator for ensnaring your man. And here's why—

Silken-sheen beauty lasts for days. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it actually brings out the natural sparkling highlights that lie concealed in the hair. Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silkier, easier to set.

Wonderful to soften dry, brittle ends. Kreml Shampoo is so mild and gentle on your hair. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Rather, it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. It never leaves any excess soapy film that makes your hair so dull and lifeless looking. So be glamour-wise and always wash *your* hair with Kreml Shampoo—a trump card in any woman's bag of beauty tricks! All drug, department and 10¢ stores.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

R M **KREML SHAMPOO**

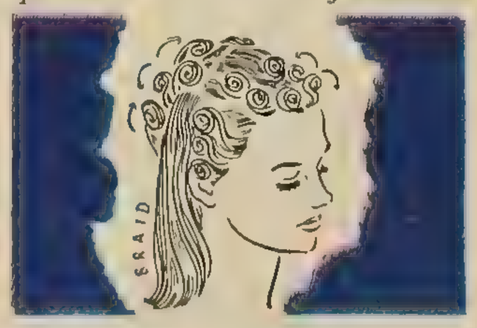
A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

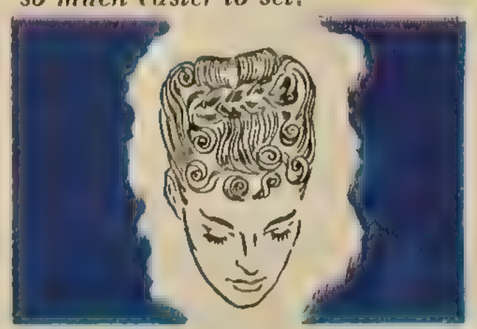
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

How to fix the entrancing hair-do above

First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo so that your hair will sparkle with its natural *lustre. Set pin curls in direction of arrows.*



Follow directions of arrows for setting pin curls in front. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much easier to set.



Showing proper position of braid. Kreml Shampoo is marvelous for thick, long hair, because it thoroughly cleanses each tiny strand.

her story about her childhood, there was no doubt in my mind that those Eastertimes in Tennessee were the high points of Judy Millford's happiness.

And then I learned the low point.

Pat Hackett, it seemed, had been Judy's sweetheart 'since 'way back when. When the war came, Pat joined the Navy. They had hoped to be married, but they put it off, thinking perhaps that the war would be over soon. Then Pat sent Judy a telegram, begging her to come out to Los Angeles at once. He was going to be stationed there for several months, he told her—they could be together, and several months looked like a lifetime to them by then, they were so lonely for each other.

Pat sent Judy some money, and she scraped up the rest somehow. Judy's mother had died the year before, and there was nothing to keep her from Pat, now. By bus and by train she traveled to Los Angeles, and Pat and Judy were married.

Eagerly, they set out on the span of happiness allotted to them—but it was pitifully brief. It lasted just five months, and then Pat went to sea, and the long, desperate time of waiting and hoping began for Judy.

"THE next year was awful," she told me, and the remembering of it wiped away the brief happiness that telling me of her childhood had brought into her eyes. "I stayed on the coast—I was homesick, but there was always the hope that Pat would get a furlough, and so I stayed on, because I wanted to be with him whatever time I could. All the waiting was—would have been—worth it, for just another hour with him!"

Of course, there was the baby coming along, too. In some ways that made the waiting easier, in some ways it made the loneliness more unbearable. But in December, Patrick Junior was born and in January came the news the Patrick Senior's destroyer had been sunk, and that Pat was listed as missing.

To understand the suffering that Judy had gone through in the year and a little more which followed, you would only have to have seen her face, as I did, that morning. There was bitterness in her eyes. Pain and hopelessness had etched her face. Judy was one of those girls—and there must be so many of them, everywhere in the world today!—who cannot shake off her sorrow. Now she worked from day to day at her airplane factory job, and didn't know—and worse, didn't much care—what was to become of her, and of little Pat.

I didn't know what to say to her, that sunny Spring morning. What can you say, in the face of a story like that? It was too late to tell her, *Don't give up hope for your husband.* But I could say, *Don't give up hope for yourself, Judy, and for your child. Especially for little Pat—he has a right to happiness.*

Gently I touched her shoulder, brought her back from the past. "Look, Judy," I said. "I can't do or say anything that will give you back your life exactly as you want it. But I think I can do something to help you find happiness of a kind—of another kind from that you knew with Pat. At least, let me try, will you? I'm not quite sure what I'm going to do—but keep in touch with me, will you?"

And then, when she had gone, I sat down and wrote a letter. And, a week later, I had a reply to it.

That's how it came about that last year, at Easter, I attended an old-time Easter egg hunt. And how I came to

sample that famous banana cocoanut cake that Aunt Sara Hendricks makes.

You see, the moment they got my letter telling them about Judy and little Pat, those two wonderful people, Sara and Josh Hendricks, started out in their 1939 jalopy on the long trip from Tennessee to California. They arrived in time to color Easter eggs and hide them, for Sara to make that elegant cake. And, on Easter morning, when Judy saw them, there was new light in her face, a life in her eyes that made me know I'd done the right thing.

For a few days, the Hendricks stayed in Los Angeles to see the sights; then they trundled Judy and little Pat into the back seat of the car, and started East.

And that's why I'm thinking of Judy now that Easter is close on us again.

When the great Russian jeweler, Faberge, made the first priceless gold and ruby Easter egg for the Emperor Alexander III, as a gift for the Empress, he started an annual custom that continued for many years, and put into existence the most expensive and original Easter eggs in the world—some of them costing as much as $150,000.

But the value of those priceless jeweled eggs is no greater than that of the ordinary hen's eggs that Sara Hendricks will be boiling and coloring this year back in Tennessee, that Josh Hendricks will hide in the bushes and trees and the eddying water of the stream at the foot of the hill in Judy's home town.

Judy, her old friends, and particularly little Patrick, will all be there. I'm somehow certain that those eggs have the power to bring hope back into Judy's heart. If she looks into Pat's tiny face this coming Easter morning, this first Easter morning in a free world for so many years, I think she'll see there the resurrection of her own beloved Pat, who died helping to keep his country free.

Afraid

(*Continued from page* 19)

such a life. Yet, without meaning to do so, certainly without realizing that they are doing it, many parents handle the perfectly natural fears that crop up in their children as jokes, as nonsense, as things to encourage for the purpose of discipline, sometimes even using the fear as weapons against the children, and thereby laying the foundations for subconscious fears which their children may never lose in their entire lives.

Have you ever thought about the origin of fear? Psychologists are finding in their experimentation that anything which is not understood, not known, can inspire fear.

Thousands of years ago, when men were very simple creatures, there was no understanding of the movements of the earth which made day and night, or brought sunlight and moonlight. In those days, because the causes of darkness were unknown, it was perfectly natural for men to fear the dark. For hundreds of years, now, we've known what causes darkness. But people are still afraid of the dark.

Let's consider the fact that children seem to be afraid of the dark. I say *seem to be,* because it's obvious to all people who have worked a great deal with children that it isn't the dark the children fear, but the things with which their growing imaginations fill the darkness. Very young children are not afraid of the dark. They don't understand it, but their minds aren't equipped to think very much about this "mysterious" occurrence. As long as they're warm and comfortable and feel that they are loved, they don't worry very much about darkness or light, or cause and effect.

As they grow older, however, they begin to experience to some degree the same kind of wondering and awe about perfectly natural but not understood things as primitive man did. At first, children don't understand the coming on of darkness. And, at the same time that this questioning and wonder is going on in their young heads, their imaginations are beginning to come alive. They're beginning to observe things around them, to listen to their elders, to explore the world and meet new and strange people, animals, objects. They don't understand all these new experiences, but they store them in their memories. At night, in the dark when their eyes have nothing to fasten on and their minds have nothing else to keep them busy, they are apt to recall these things, to relive pleasant and unpleasant experiences and, especially, to go through again the fears that have come to them during the day. And the result is what looks like fear of the dark.

There is a school of thinking which says that children have to overcome their fear of the dark by being left in it and discovering that no harm comes to them. This school points with pride to the fact that when left alone in the dark, children treated this way will cry for an hour the first night, less the second and third and so on, until they are no longer afraid.

THOSE of us, however, who have known a number of older children who were treated this way in their very early childhood, feel strongly that this school is quite wrong. The children didn't stop being *afraid.* They just got hopeless. They got no response from the parents to whom they looked for reassurance, and they just gave up trying to get it. They eventually learned that the darkness would not hurt them, but the original fear they experienced was not lost. It became buried in their memories and slowly twisted and turned about until it became the foundation for many later fears which had nothing to do with the darkness, at all. They stopped being afraid of what might be in the dark, but they were afraid of many other equally harmless things, which they never revealed.

Well, you will say, how do you handle it? Very simply. If a baby is only two, or two and a half—which is about the time that the imagination begins to work in children—he is obviously too young to understand an involved explanation of the causes of day and night. He is too young to be shown that there is not and cannot be anything there in the darkness which is not there in the light. He needs most of all to be made to feel safe. So the very simplest way to overcome his fear is not to give him a chance to be afraid. You leave the light on for him. That's all. The light won't keep him awake, or if it does, it will be for a much shorter time than he would stay wide-eyed staring into the darkness and being terrified

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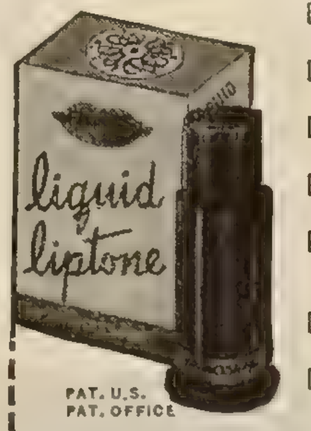

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by the things he imagines to be there. Nor will he have to sleep with the lights on for the rest of his life. He will outgrow his fear of the dark as soon as he can understand it.

One wise father I know explained this to his small daughter of four, using a grapefruit for the world, a round mirror for the moon and a large lamp for the sun. He marked a spot on the grapefruit saying, "Let's suppose this is where we live on the Earth." Then, he turned the grapefruit slowly in the light of the lamp, showing the child how the spot on which they were supposing they lived moved gradually out of the light into the darkness and back into the light. The little girl understood what makes night and day. This father carried it even further by explaining the way the movement of the Earth around the Sun brought on changes in the seasons and how it happened that sometimes there was a moon and sometimes there wasn't, because moonlight was a reflection of sunlight on a round ball that followed the Earth through the skies and sometimes the Earth got in the way and cut off the light of the Sun from the Moon.

Of course, a simple understanding of the causes of day and night might not be enough to dispel a fear of the dark. There is still the imagination of children, which is very vivid and active, to deal with. It is not enough to tell children that they're being silly, that there isn't anything there. As far as they're concerned, their imaginations have put something there and, to them, it is very real and can be very terrifying.

WISE parents don't laugh at their children's fears, because they know that ridicule does not destroy the fear. Ridicule just forces the child to hide the fact that he's afraid. Children hate ridicule. They want their parents to love them and be proud of them, not laugh at them, not make them feel small and stupid. If they're laughed at for being afraid, they're liable to make heroic efforts to *pretend* they aren't afraid. They may succeed in fooling their parents, but they never fool themselves. Once they fear something, the dark or anything else, and don't lick that fear, they're likely to go through their whole lives having unconscious reactions of fear to those things.

The smart parents are the ones to whom children can say frankly, "I'm scared of this. This bothers me," no matter how silly, or pointless it sounds. Such a child will bring the things he fears out into the open. He will talk about his fears seriously and get help from his parents in discovering the realities of what is mysterious to him and, gradually, by exposing his fear, talking about it frankly, becoming familiar with its causes, he will lose fear entirely. He will also learn to trust his parents and to come to them for guidance and reassurance.

This reassurance for children is terribly important! Put yourself in a child's place. There are so many things he doesn't know, doesn't understand. He has a right to be timid, suspicious and frightened, until he does understand. And he must have someone to teach him the things he doesn't know, to make him understand strange objects and animals and to assure him that these new things cannot harm him.

Threatening children to make them behave is always a mistake. Threatening them with something they fear is doubly a mistake. It's putting them through a violent emotional experience which is very bad for them. In addition, children very quickly learn that threats of this kind are nothing but a sign of weakness in their parents, that their parents aren't smart enough, or quick enough, or sure enough of themselves and their ideas and wishes to be able to get obedience in any other way. A father who needs a policeman, or a bogey-man, or a dog to help him get a child to behave is not a very strong father. Besides, such a father is undermining the trust and confidence his child might have in him.

Fear is a natural emotion. We're not born with it, but it is bound to develop as we grow and come in contact with more and more unfamiliar things. Very tiny babies apparently are afraid of only two things—sudden loud noises and falling.

They outgrow the fear of noise very quickly. But the fear of falling remains for a long time, sometimes the whole lifetime. That's a reasonable enough fear, however. In the small baby, it springs from a sense of insecurity. After all, a baby may not know very much at that stage of his life, but he does know that he's completely helpless. When he feels himself picked up by some inexperienced person who doesn't hold him firmly and strongly, he's afraid of being dropped—of falling—and what makes it more terrible, he isn't even able to stretch out his hands and grab something for support. He can't protect himself. Incidentally, nearly everyone in the world has at one time or another had a dream of falling. This dream is probably a recurrence of that old, baby fear and is usually brought on by some recent feeling of insecurity.

You can start right in at the beginning of a baby's life to help him overcome fear. Make him feel secure. When you pick him up hold him strongly, let him feel your hands being firm. He won't break. He isn't that delicate. When you move him, avoid sudden abrupt movements. And, although it may be great fun for you, it isn't really very good for baby's emotions to toss him in the air and catch him until such a time as he's old enough to know it's a game and that you'll catch him as he comes down and, most important, until he is able to grab hold of you for support if he wants to do so.

ASIDE from these two fears, very young children are not usually afraid. They crawl around and examine new things, new people, new animals, with a great deal of curiosity, but no fear—if they are left alone to do that. As they grow older, fears begin to develop out of new and more active experiences.

It's very hard to predict what will frighten a child. Parents can do their best to keep children out of actual dangers and to teach them to be cautious with harmful things like fire, knives, broken glass, hot water. Educators have this to say about caution, however. It can be carried too far. Children who are raised in an atmosphere where someone is always telling them to be careful of this and careful of that are liable to get the idea that the world is much too dangerous a place in which to live. They're apt to get shy and timid and cowardly about everything. They won't get along with new friends at school, or indulge in sports, or try to do new things. They can easily wind up as adults who avoid normal living because it involves too many possibilities of getting hurt. They're liable to reach the point where they are even incapable of looking

for a job because of fear of hurt, disappointment, failure—and, if they can force themselves to get a job, they will probably be failures in the end.

The best way to teach caution is gradually. Children should be given freedom for exploration and activity, but in places where there are not too many, if there are any, dangerous objects. A child can be taught at the early age of a year, or a year and a half what *hot* means, by the simple device of sticking his hand into some water that is warmer—but not scalding, of course—than water he's usually accustomed to feeling. The difference in temperature will be unpleasant enough to the child to keep him from wanting to repeat the experience. After that, he can be told that this is hot and that is hot and he will not be tempted to experiment. He will have learned a healthy respect for heat and fire. And he won't have to be told a million times "don't touch."

BECAUSE we, on our program, deal with words, we have learned something about their significance that many parents do not: that, often, things they say before children are not understood in the sense in which they are intended. In the natural course of events everyone in our world, children included, becomes familiar with the word *Death*. It may be mentioned casually, or in relation to some dearly loved person. It may surprise many parents to know that lots of children, thinking of death in their hazy, unknowing way, can build up terrible fantasies about it that frighten them unbearably. It is to them mysterious and not understood and therefore to be feared. One doctor has told me that he has come across many children suffering from a deep death fear which is brought on by the line, "If I should die before I wake," in the first prayer which most children are taught. Very deep-rooted fears can be produced as simply as that. Think of the many snap phrases you use in a day in which the word *death* appears. "I was bored to death." "I nearly froze to death." "I'm starving to death." "I was scared to death." Of course, you don't exactly mean that, but children's minds are very literal. They think you mean precisely what you're saying. Think of the dreams and fantasies that can be built around such ideas!

There will be parents who ask what's to be done to make children obedient and well behaved, if they aren't afraid of authority. Summing up the experience of those who work with children constantly, we find that children have to learn that good behavior will work out to their own advantage in the long run. This isn't accomplished by threats. Threats only lead to resentment and distrust—and only sometimes to immediate obedience.

Children must learn discipline. They must learn that bad behavior will cost them something, but they should not be terrorized by the thought of punishment. Punishment should always take a form which will make the child consider seriously whether his bad conduct is worth what he will have to pay for it—not in terms of physical violence, beatings, or exposure to something which he fears (darkness, policemen, doctors) but in terms of interfering with other things which he wants to have and do. This kind of discipline, which is necessary so the child may grow up with the ability to discipline himself and get along in the world with other people, leads to caution and fore-

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thought. Actually, instead of being made afraid of physical punishment and disapproval, children have to be made to realize that good behavior will make it possible for them to do more of the things they really want to do and will earn them much more appreciation, respect and love than bad behavior.

No matter how wisely parents handle their children, fears will crop up in them. Even the most protected child who never sees a terrible accident or goes through a frightening experience of the more recognizable kind will come across thousands of events in his daily life which will terrify him, mainly because their cause or operation is unknown or mysterious to him. If the child has confidence in his parents, he will express his fears to them. The fear can then be discussed openly, frankly, until its basic cause is found and explained away.

There are rules, child psychologists say, that can be followed by parents with regard to fears. In general:

Pay attention to all a child's fears.

Be sympathetic and uncritical about the fears.

Never laugh at the child or his fear.

Encourage the child to come to you with any fear, large or small, as soon as it crops up in his mind, without feeling that you will think him a coward, or sissy, or ninny.

Fear, in one form or another, usually in its "good" forms, is always with us. It makes us thoughtful and cautious. It forces us to think ahead to the likely consequences of some plan we may have in mind and frequently makes us change our minds. It makes us thrifty to prevent financial insecurity. It even governs our behavior and moral ideas, since fear of not being liked by others is a very strong one.

There are, however, people who live by their fears. Their whole lives are dominated and governed by fear, usually of an abnormal sort and degree. They are prevented from working, or having friends, or having fun, by uncontrollable fears of, let's say, high places, or sickness, or being shut in, or fire, death, failure, responsibility. Such people no longer remember the original cause of their particular type of fear—usually a cause which lies in some real experience in childhood which was never explained or remedied—but they cannot help reacting to all new situations in the way they reacted to the original thing that made them afraid as children.

The miser, for instance, no longer is aware that his urgent need to save, comes from—among other things—a feeling of insecurity. And it shouldn't. Certainly, a miser is financially a very secure person. He has plenty of money. But he feels compelled to save and scrimp and hoard. His compulsion might come from the fact that as a child he was made to feel his dependence on his parents too much, that they may have frightened him into thinking he would starve or freeze without a home unless he obeyed them. It is still that old fear that dominates him.

Or the hypochondriac, forever taking pills against imaginary illnesses and being afraid to go out, or to work, or to play, may be governed by an old fear aroused during some actual childhood sickness, when doctor and parents may have discussed his illness and the possibilities of his death in his presence. He's always afraid of dying from disease, although there's never anything really wrong with him physically, unless by his constant worrying about himself he can think himself into some real and serious illness, which frequently happens.

I could go on listing dozens of different types of abnormal fears, all of which have their beginning in childhood. The point is that all these fears are basically unnecessary and avoidable. It only takes a little care, a little attention, a little kindness and understanding—and a great deal of love and patience.

We can see the results as soon as the children start to grow up. Children who feel very sure of being loved and of having their problems and fears considered seriously and patiently and without ridicule, are children who will overcome their own fears as they grow up. Their lives will not be cluttered with superstitions and phobias. They will have learned how to face each new frightening thing, examine it, explore its causes and destroy its fear-making possibilities through knowledge and understanding. They will be free, will be ready to take over the world we leave them—and, perhaps, do a better job of running it than we have always done. And they will not be afraid.

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Spring Story

(*Continued from page* 31)

disheveled shadow of a human being, "Miss Allen, I heard you in my room. I want you to come and visit me."

Never a question, never a sympathetic word—which would only have made me twice as hysterical as I was already. As it was I hardly saw her kind, crinkled old face. I just went on crying aloud, and let her guide me gently into her small room—flooded, as always, with radio music. Once there, she sat down at a card table and began working on the scent-bags she made for a famous New York department store—talking casually as she dipped sweet-smelling sachet into little pastel silk bags and sewed them up.

And finally, her peace gave me a temporary calm. Actually, I was in a kind of trance—with my emotions still waiting tensely under the surface to spring to life again.

I stayed several hours. Mrs. Murphy sent down for soup and tea at lunch-time. And then, around two o'clock, her quiet mood disappeared and she became all brisk activity.

SHE shoved a ticket in my hand and said in a business-like voice, "Now, my dear, take this ticket. It's for the radio show, Ladies Be Seated. It's this afternoon at Radio City; I wrote in for the ticket myself, but now I see I have too much work to do. Hurry up now, and get dressed—you have to get there half an hour before the show goes on!"

The last thing I wanted to do on earth was go to a radio program on the day when my world had fallen apart. But what could I do? Mrs. Murphy, whose whole life revolved with her radio dial—to whom radio programs, for that matter, took the place of life—had given me a ticket she'd have loved to use herself. I had to go. If I had any thought of secretly not going, she destroyed it. "It's an audience-participation show, you know," she said. "Maybe you'll be on it. And then I can listen to you while I work!"

And so it was that, still numb with pent-up emotions, with my nerves quiveringly ready to let go again, I was finally dressed for the street. I was even finally walking down the corridors of Radio City, and turning in at a gray swinging door. And then, suddenly, I was in the magic world of radio—in the radio theater for the soon-to-be-on-the-air broadcast of Ladies Be Seated.

At first, in my trance-like state, I had only a jumbled impression of the neat, modern little gray theater, with its rows of comfortable armchairs sloping gently up toward the ceiling in the rear. I only vaguely saw the engaging, laughing, joking young master-of-ceremonies Johnny Olsen, who was even then roaming up and down the aisles with a hand-microphone, exchanging jokes with the audience. He wore a ridiculous, cheerful costume—a gay red satin high hat, insane red trousers, and a pale blue satin tailcoat. And I only vaguely noted the lighted stage, with its mikes, its neatly-arranged chairs, its bigger-than-life cardboard figure of Aunt Jemima, and the huge billboard facing the audience with the words to "Smiles" written on it.

While I was getting these impressions through the shell of my own misery, an usher was showing me to one of the few empty seats. I sank into it almost without knowing I was doing

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it. It was an aisle seat, and whoever was sitting in the seat next to mine was only a shadowy figure to me. I automatically opened my bag to get out my handkerchief in case of emergency—and there, looking up at me, was the picture of Russell I always carried with me. There was his almost too-curly hair, there was his smile, his large blue eyes. Instantly, my temporary state of false serenity vanished. Without knowing or caring where I was or what other people thought—I burst into tears. I was beyond anything but sobbing misery.

Instantly a harsh masculine voice cut into my consciousness—and my sobs. "Stop that at once!" it snapped.

I was so astounded that I mechanically obeyed; then I was furiously angry. I turned to stare at the speaker and saw the man next to me—a tall, bony, red-headed man in his early thirties, who was, I thought, the homeliest man I had ever seen in my life.

I WAS absolutely burning with anger. I forgot my sorrow over Russell, the show that was going on the air shortly, everything. I drew breath enough to make some properly outraged reply—and my voice refused to do anything but give a ridiculous squeak. Then suddenly all I wanted was to escape this malicious, cruel stranger. I started to get up—but he pulled me back.

"Oh, no, my girl," he said. "Johnny Olsen just announced that the doors are closed now. Nobody can get in or out until the show's over."

I flounced back into my seat, furious, and began again delving for a handkerchief. Russell's picture somehow came out of my bag and fluttered to the floor. Before I could stop him, the rude redhead had stooped to pick it up. Then he coolly studied it before returning it to me.

"If this is the cause of all those tears, it just goes to show what poor judgment some people have," he said calmly. "He's only a pretty-boy, my girl, a weak sister. You're lucky if some one else beat you to the draw."

That did it. That opened my mouth and my vocal chords.

"I will thank you to keep your opinions to yourself," I said rudely.

"Aha!" said the man, unruffled. Then he grinned from ear to ear. "Glad to hear that little Miss Sad-Face has a voice, after all."

I heard my own voice again—and again I heard it in astonishment. "Indeed I have a voice," I snapped. "I'm a singer by profession." Then I stopped, horrified. Why had I told him that?

We both sat back, and somehow now I was able to focus on what was going on around me. Johnny Olsen, ranging up and down the aisles, was picking out men and women from the audience whom he wanted on the show, and sending the chosen ones up to the stage. Nobody was hanging shyly back, either—on the contrary. Right now he was demanding through his mike, "Now I want a talkative woman—some one really gabby—to open the program. Any comers?"

Instantly a sea of hands went up. He moved around, holding his mike in front of various women's mouths, while they all tried to out-talk each other—talking aimlessly about shopping, New York, the weather, anything.

Then he said, "Now we want to pick three singers—the best of whom will be used on the program this afternoon. Who sings?"

Another sea of hands went up from the smiling, murmuring audience. But

not mine. I kept quiet as a mouse—even though I could feel, without turning my head, that the red-headed man next to me was eyeing me.

Johnny Olsen tried out several women, making them sing the one line, "Daisy, Daisy, tell me your answer, do," while a pianist accompanied them on the stage—and chose a fat, middle-aged housewife from Brooklyn, and a thin, nervous-looking girl who was chewing gum. Then he said, "I still need a third singer. Who've I got?"

I sat tight . . . but beside me, the red-head's arm went up. "Right next to me is your singer," he announced.

Then, to my horror, Olsen was running happily up the aisle toward me. A second later he was holding his mike in front of my mouth, and the pianist had struck a couple of opening chords. There was nothing to do but pry my lips apart and sing into the mike. I heard my own voice ring out—a little uncertainly—with "Daisy, Daisy, tell me your answer, do!" To my surprise, this brought a faint pattering of applause from the audience. Johnny Olsen said, "They agree with me, Miss. Up on the stage with you for the singing contest."

Apparently I was the last person needed for Olsen's pre-show entertainment. He now stepped to the mike and announced that there were still ten minutes left before the show went on the air, and in that time they would have the singing contest to eliminate two of the three singers. The one left would be on the radio program itself.

It all happened before I could even get terrified. Mr. Olson had the fat housewife step up to the mike, asked her a few questions about herself, and had her sing "Smiles," from a sheet of paper he handed her. Applause followed; then the gum-chewing girl stepped up and sang "Smiles," to more applause. Then it was my turn.

I managed to get out my name, in answer to Johnny Olsen's questions; and that I came from Toledo, Ohio; and that I wanted to be a singer in New York. Then he said, "Okay, piano for Miss Allen," and handed me the sheet of paper with the words to "Smiles."

AND suddenly I thought I couldn't do it . . . I couldn't. For "Smiles" had been Russell's and my theme song all these years. "Smiles" meant Russell—and now Russell meant anything but smiles to me. I began feeling tears flooding over me again, while the pianist struck the opening chords, and I was about to say that I couldn't sing and run from the stage—when the red-head's face seemed to come right out of the lighted audience to me. And to my surprise, it wore an expression not of sarcasm, but of confident eagerness. It seemed to tell me, "Go on, Jane Allen—I know you can do it."

And abruptly I knew I *could* do it!

I turned to the pianist and said calmly, "Please give me the opening chords again." He nodded, and began playing once more. And then I stood, looking directly into the red-headed man's face, and sang "Smiles" as I didn't know I could sing it—I sang for Russell and the happiness we'd had; for facing the finish of something like an adult; I sang for the red-head's belief in me—and I sang for the sheer joy of letting music pour out of my throat, after these months of silence.

When I finished, there was a moment of silence . . . and then a burst of honest applause. Johnny Olsen said with kind sincerity, "That is just about dandy, Miss Allen. You're the singer on today's program."

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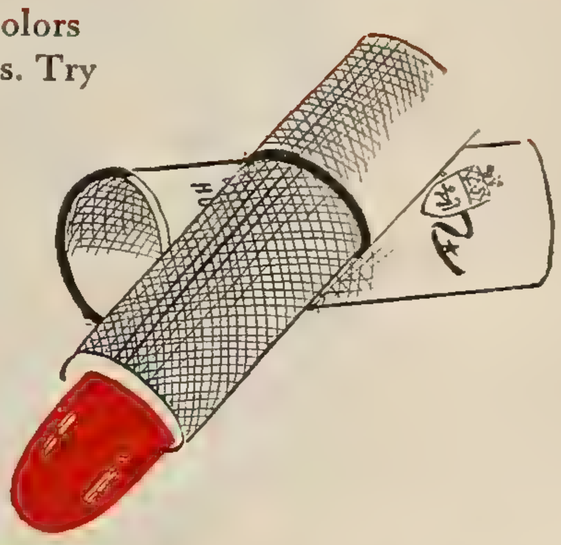

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The program itself went by in a happy haze. I felt comfortably, completely at home up there in the blazing lights. I laughed at the silly jokes Johnny Olsen exchanged with the talkative old lady; I listened, fascinated, to the question-and-answer part of the program, during which he asked questions of six men and women he'd picked from the audience; and I stared, completely awed, at the presents he gave lavishly to everyone on the stage—gold wrist-watches, luncheon cloth sets, gold pen-and-pencil sets, and anything else you can think of.

When my turn came to sing, I walked easily up to the mike and sang "Smiles" again—just exactly the way I'd sung it for the pre-show contest. And then, while I gasped in pleasure, Johnny Olsen was handing me presents "with the compliments of Ladies, Be Seated" —a ten dollar bill, a year's supply of Aunt Jemima pancake flour, and a complete outfit of clothes, from head to foot, from a famous New York department store!

I held on to the slip of paper which represented shoes, stockings, dress, hat, gloves and bag as if it were magical—which indeed it did seem! And also to the ten dollar bill, and the gigantic box of pancake flour. And when the program was over, I thanked Olsen and went back to my seat in the audience with complete happiness. I felt like an entirely different person from the miserably saddened Jane Allen who'd come to the show only an hour before—I felt like somebody newly, and tremendously happily, reborn.

Most of the audience was already pushing out the door by the time I reached my seat, but the red-headed man was waiting.

"Congratulations, Miss Allen, on a truly lovely voice," he said warmly. Then he added, "I'm in the advertising business, and I know enough about radio to know that there's no reason why you can't come through as a radio singer. All you need is to be discovered."

And then I heard myself saying something again that I had no intention of saying—this man seemed to have a peculiar ability to force unplanned words from me. I said, "You did it for me. You were right when you said I walked in here a complete mass of self pity. I really think you've changed my whole outlook on life, and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart."

He said, "Well, I hated to be so rude, but you were pretty far gone in hysteria. You needed a jolt of some kind."

Then his thin face, that went so well on that enormously tall angular body, lit up with a smile—and I found myself wondering how I had ever thought the man homely. On the contrary, he was arrestingly attractive in a clean-cut, masculine sort of way. No pretty-boy, not by the wildest dreams—no Russell, I found my brain telling me!

Slyly, before I could stifle the thought, it came. Perhaps better than Russell.

I said quickly, to cover up all these thoughts which might be apparent on my face, "I can certainly use my prize of the complete outfit of clothes—but how'll I ever use up a year's supply of pancake flour in a hotel room?"

"You'll find a way," he said. Then, suddenly, his confident expression faded. As embarrassed as a small boy, he said, "Miss Allen, could we go out to dinner tonight? My name's Joe Brownell—I can give you lots of solid, sober references! Please . . . ?"

And *I* found my face getting red too!

I said, "Why, I'd love to. I'm at the Barbizon for Women. Say, seven?"

He smiled at me and said, "I'll pick you up at seven."

Then he touched his hat and walked away. And I stood like a schoolgirl looking after his tall figure, until it had melted into the crowds. And then I almost flew back to my hotel, picked up a message at the desk that my mother had been calling me from Toledo, and ran into the elevator. On the sixth floor, I flew down the hall and knocked wildly on Mrs. Murphy's door. When she opened it, I swung her off the floor in a dizzy hug, and I kept shouting everything at her, all mixed up.

"I met the right man—I don't know anything about him, but he's the right man—Russell was the wrong one—and I got my confidence in my voice back—and a year's supply of pancake flour—and a new outfit—!" I was shouting. And she was shouting back that she had heard me, that I was wonderful, that she knew everything was going to work out for me.

I knew it was too, as surely as if I could see into the future. I knew that somehow, if my singing could move that radio audience, it would move New York into giving me the chance I needed. And I knew that Joseph Brownwell was a part of whatever was in store for me . . .

"And you'll be matron of honor!" I told the bewildered Mrs. Murphy. "Because you made me go to the radio show that has changed my whole life—and more than that, has changed *me* from a stubborn dreamer into —I don't quite know what, but it's something better!"

I was so sure of all this that there wasn't any stopping me. Sure of myself, too.

And perhaps that was the greatest gift of all.

NO ONE-YEAR

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Until We Meet Again

(*Continued from page* 45)

industry was automatically an ally if not a friend. Besides, she was very pretty and red-headed and appealing-looking. So he sat and watched her and wondered.

It was Sybil herself who precipitated his actions. She reached blindly across the table for the salt and knocked her purse to the floor. It opened up as it fell and spilled the contents in a widening arc around her feet. She just sat there in despair, her stricken face indicating that this was really too much to bear. Kenny whirled quickly from his stool and went over to her. Kneeling down, he gathered up the comb and lipstick and compact and cigarette case and letters and keys and all the other things that usually inhabit a New York handbag—or a handbag anywhere else for that matter—and stuffed them back into the bag where they belonged.

He finally got it closed and handed it to her. She tried to thank him but her voice was just a broken mumble. On impulse, he sat down at the table and said directly, "What's the matter?"

She looked at him speechlessly, and then her eyes overflowed. He waited. "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," he told her. "Drink your coffee, why don't you? And would you like a cigarette?"

HE held out his pack to her. She took a cigarette and he held a match for her while she tremblingly put the cigarette to her mouth and inhaled at the light. Then, to give her a little time to recover, he asked if he might bring his coffee over to her table. She nodded, and he went back to the counter for the coffee. She tried to smile at him when he sat down again, but he wisely kept quiet until she had finished both the cigarette and her coffee.

"More?" he asked. But she shook her head.

"Look," he leaned toward her earnestly, "it's none of my business, but I think you need a little looking-after tonight. Can I take you home or something? You don't have to worry about me. I work upstairs and I know who you are—I was at the show tonight. And part of the rehearsal, too, for that matter."

She smiled again, wanly. "Yes, I know—I saw you."

"Well, how about it?" he insisted. "You can't just sit there mourning. Tell me where you live, and I'll take you there."

"I live with my brother and his wife on East Fifty-second Street," she said with a visible effort, "and I can get home all right. But if you want to walk over with me, I'll appreciate it."

"We don't have to walk. We can take the Fiftieth Street bus—or a cab if you like."

But she shook her head. "I'd really rather walk, if you don't mind."

So they walked. And as they walked, they began to talk. They stopped off at Colbee's at Fifty-second and Madison Avenue in the CBS Building and had another cup of coffee and kept on talking. By the time they reached Sybil's house, Kenny knew quite a bit about her.

She had been an actress for some time, she told him. As a matter of fact, she had once had a starring part on Broadway for a while. That was the trouble. The part had come too soon, and after the (*Continued on page* 72)

Celebrated painter, John Collins. shows how a blonde complexion is glorified with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

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(*Continued from page* 69)

show closed she had had to go back to building up a career again, and it was harder after having had a taste of success. She said she sometimes thought people were just watching and sneering at her with an attitude of "Okay, that was just a lucky break. Let's see what you can do now that you're strictly on your own."

And she hadn't done too well. She knew she could act, but she had to prove it through the ordinary daily round of jobs here and jobs there. There were already so many actors and actresses in radio who had proved themselves that it was hard to edge into that court of royalty.

There was a particular man in her life, too, Kenny found out. He hadn't asked, but she told him anyway. Arthur was a lieutenant in the Marines and she had expected him home next week. She had had a letter that day saying that his home-coming was indefinitely postponed. That was what had started her tears at NBC—that, and a general feeling of hopelessness about everything.

"Yeah," Kenny said, "I know how you must have felt. We had an expression overseas—'Some mornings it doesn't even pay to get up'."

"That's just the way I feel now," she told him sadly. And then, laughing a little in reaction against such profound despair, she went on, "But I guess we can't always have everything. It's high time I snapped out of this. What's the sad story of *your* life?"

KENNY laughed with her and gave her a quick version of his own background. By this time they had reached her door and she asked him if he'd like to come in for a few minutes. He looked at his watch and realized that it was getting late, and told her he thought he should be going home. They made a date for lunch the next day, though, and as he walked down the street he found himself whistling a gay tune that the studio orchestra had been playing that day.

And that, as they say in the story books, was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Kenny met Sybil's brother and his wife, and they liked him immediately. It got so that whenever Sybil was invited to a party, and there are lots of parties among radio people, Kenny was expected to be her escort. He found that Sybil, far from being the tearful, discouraged girl she had seemed that first night, was essentially cheerful, one of the most amusing and unpredictable girls he had ever known. She had a talent for mimicry that was devastating, and a sly little trick of stating outrageous opinions in an ordinary tone of voice and then waiting to see how long it would take people she was with to realize she was only fooling. Sometimes they never did realize it and when that happened, Kenny, gasping with repressed mirth, would catch her eye and they would shake their heads solemnly.

At the very beginning, they had explained themselves to each other. Sybil had told him all about Arthur, and Kenny had told her about Mary. They didn't try to fool one another on that score. But there they were, two anchorless young people in the biggest city in the world, with interests in common and a definite attraction between them. As Sybil said, "What we need is a Lonely Hearts Club."

And Kenny replied, "It looks as though we've got one right here."

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LINIT *adds the "finishing touch".*

(*Continued from page 45*)

So that's what they called themselves—"The Lonely Hearts Club"—and it was all very gay and innocent and lots of fun. Except that Sybil talked less and less about Arthur, and Kenny found that he didn't rush home every night looking for a letter with a California postmark. Once he even carried one of those letters around in his pocket all day before he remembered to open it. When that happened, he was conscious of a sudden pang of guilty loneliness for Mary, and wrote her a long letter that night. But the next day he met Sybil at the drugstore for lunch and he forgot about Mary again in his mirth at a silly word game Sybil was teaching him.

"It's called Stinky Pinky," she told him, "and it's very simple. All you have to do is find a two-word definition for some term I give you, and the two words must rhyme. Like this: what is a 'plump rodent'?"

"I give up—what is a 'plump rodent'?"

"A 'plump rodent' is a 'fat rat'. See? *Fat rat.* It rhymes. Now, what is a 'blood-curdling preacher'? This is a little harder."

Kenny considered. "'A blood-curdling preacher'? Let's see now—it's—a—a—is it a 'mighty minister'?"

"No. That doesn't rhyme. But you almost got it—it's '*sinister* minister'."

"Okay," said Kenny, "now here's one for you. What's an 'inebriated polecat'?"

Sybil burst into laughter. "Why, that must be a 'drunk skunk'," she cried, and they rocked back and forth in their chairs, gleefully. People nearby turned and stared at them, but they didn't notice. They were holding each other's hands and laughing so hard that nothing else mattered.

A few weeks later, with Christmas coming along, Sybil asked Kenny if he'd like to spend the holiday with her at her family's house. Kenny accepted. with alacrity. He had been dreading a Christmas alone in New York.

So, the Saturday before Christmas found them at Grand Central Station, boarding the train for Saratoga. They were loaded down with baggage and presents, and Sybil's arms were filled with a huge pasteboard box containing a squirming puppy for her youngest brother. After struggling through five cars, they found seats and settled down. Sybil worried about the puppy getting enough air, so she opened the box. By the time the train had reached Poughkeepsie, the puppy was waddling joyously up and down the aisle, making friends, and everyone in the car was conspiring with them to hide it under a coat whenever the conductor came through. Kenny had never had such a hectic train trip in his life, and he'd never had so much fun, either.

The whole weekend went by in a warm rosy glow for Kenny. Everyone liked him and he liked everyone, and he was so grateful to Sybil for bringing him to Saratoga that he almost shivered when he thought about it. They went skating with the two boys, and watched a basketball game on Sunday night with Mr. Baker, and had hot-dogs and scalding coffee at Casey's afterward. They took Mrs. Baker to the cozy New Worden bar for a Christmas Eve toddy, and after dinner that night Kenny helped her with the dishes. They wrapped last-minute packages in gay Christmas paper in secret corners of the big house, and on Christmas morning when they were all assembled in front of the glowing tree, Kenny thought for a minute he was going to cry. Sybil saw the agitation in his face and quietly put her hand in his. He held on tight, and was soon himself again.

And then, all too soon, it was over and they were on the train going back to New York. They were both tired and too full of everything to talk. Kenny put his arm around Sybil and her head dropped to his shoulder, and pretty soon she was fast asleep. He watched the tip of her nose and the curve of her cheek as she slept and he thought that he had never known a nicer girl in his life. The train jerked as it came to a stop in Albany, and Sybil woke with a start. Kenny was looking straight into her eyes when she opened them and, almost without volition on his part, he heard himself saying huskily, "Sybil, I think I'm in love with you."

She stared at him for a moment, then closed her eyes and snuggled more deeply into his shoulder. "Kenny," she sighed, "I was hoping you'd say that."

He kissed the top of her head and held her closely. "I'll have to write to Mary tomorrow and tell her," he said slowly.

Sybil stirred. "Yes, but let's not talk about that now. Let's just be in love." Her arm went around his waist, and he smiled as he rested his cheek on her head and they settled down for the long ride back to town.

But the next day when he sat down to write to Mary, he was assailed by doubts. "Mary darling," he began, and

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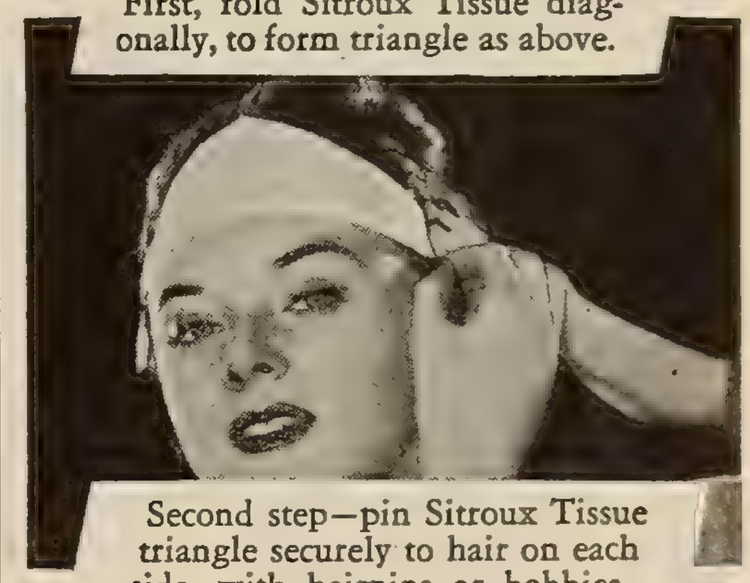
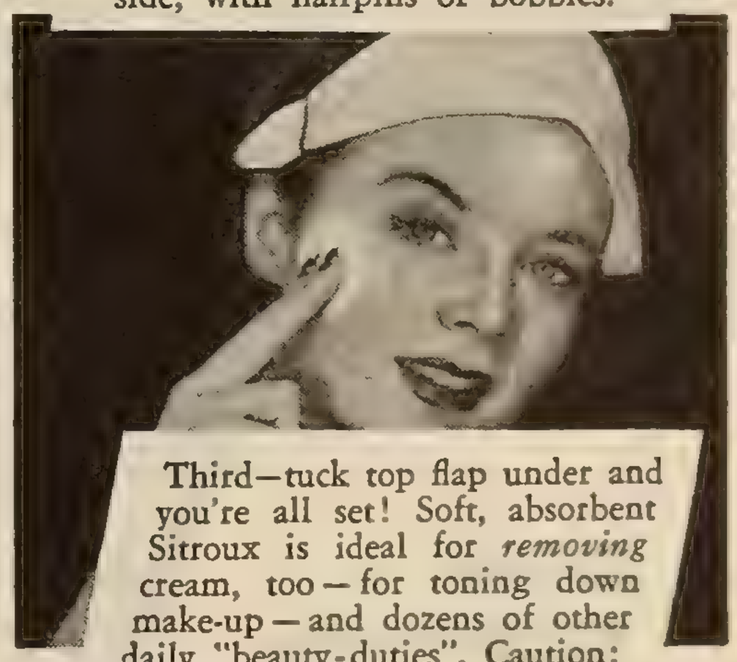


Second step—pin Sitroux Tissue triangle securely to hair on each side, with hairpins or bobbies.



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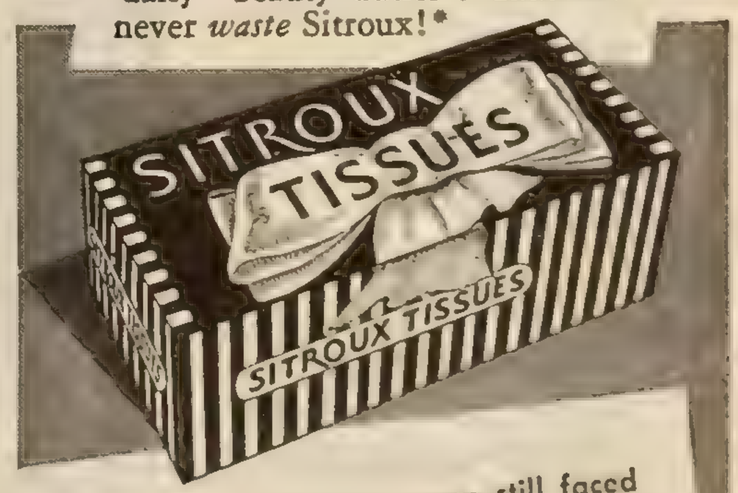

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then the incongruity of calling her darling when the rest of the letter was to tell her that he loved someone else struck him and he laid his pen down. How could he tell her? How could he explain that she had seemed so far away and so unreal that he had turned to another girl? How could he say that his inner soul still rankled a little at her sending him away and that maybe this whole thing had started as a kind of school-boy revenge? His head sank into his hands and thoughts of Mary began to whirl through his mind.

Then he thought of Sybil. He sat down again and took up his pen. Without stopping once, he finished the letter, sealed the envelope, put a stamp on it and went out to the mailbox and mailed it.

And as he went to bed that night it suddenly seemed that this was probably the biggest mistake of his life, but he had made it with his eyes open, and he intended to stick to it.

Mary's answer came by airmail. She was hurt, he could read that between the lines, but she accepted his decision and wished him the best of luck. She even said that she was sure Sybil was a wonderful girl and that sometime—not right away—but sometime later, maybe, when they had all grown a little older, she would like to see both of them. It was a brave letter and didn't even hint at her own sorrow. But Kenny knew—Mary was heartbroken.

AS for himself, he left like a cross between a murderer and a sacrificial offering in the altar of friendship. Because that's what his feeling for Sybil really was, he realized—friendship. Not love—just friendship. But he couldn't leave her stranded on a desert island of unrequited emotion.

And then the final blow came—unexpectedly, as all final blows do. One night Sybil and Kenny went to Colbee's and sat up on the balcony away from the rest of the crowd. Sybil's cheeks were burning, but there was a sudden air of diffidence about her, and she seemed unable to say anything.

"What is it?" Kenny asked. "What's all the excitement?"

Sybil turned to him. Her color had faded now, leaving her face pale and a little drawn. She looked at him for a long minute and her lips trembled.

"Kenny," she said, "I guess it's better just to tell you right out. Arthur's back home and I've seen him, and, Kenny, I still love him. I don't really love you. I thought I did, but I don't—really. What I feel for you is a warm beautiful friendly thing. But it's not love. Love is how I feel about Arthur. Kenny, do you think you can understand?"

She looked at him pleadingly, and Kenny sat there stunned, groping for the right words, the right emotions. After all his inner struggle, his willingness to sacrifice his own happiness, his bitterness and renunciation: this was how it was going to end. It seemed too simple. He shook his head and gulped down a glass of water before he could speak.

"Why, Sybil," he said finally, speaking slowly and trying desperately to maintain a judicious impersonal attitude, "you know I can understand. I think you ought to do exactly what seems best for you. And if you love Arthur, you love him, and that's all there is to it."

"Oh, Kenny." She wiped her eyes surreptitiously with a napkin and went on again slowly, "I'm sorry, though.

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I feel bad about you. It doesn't seem fair at all."

No, thought Kenny, *it doesn't seem fair. Life has suddenly become as unfair as a fixed horse race. But you can't pin the blame anywhere—it's really nobody's fault. Except maybe it's my own fault, but I was only trying to be a good guy and be fair. Fair! Oh, God, how silly that seems now. Mary—oh, Mary, where are you?—I've lost you!*

Aloud he said, "Don't worry about it, Sybil. Everything's going to be all right. And I want you to be happy. That's the important thing. I hope this Arthur is good enough for you—is he?"

"Oh, Kenny, he's wonderful."

Neither of them felt like eating, then, so they ordered sherry and toasted each other with a hectic kind of gaiety.

Finally they left the restaurant. Sybil went off to find Arthur, and Kenny plodded home to pound his fists against imaginary stone walls.

WELL, that was the state Kenny was in when I met him. I think it did him a lot of good to tell me about it, although he didn't make any pleas for sympathy. He took a long drink from his bottle of coke and said, "Well, that's about it. First I had two girls and now I have none. Happens every day, I guess. And now," he grinned and his eyebrow went up in a gay arc, "all that's left for me is to become an important radio executive and make lots of dough and spend it on chorus girls and homes for abandoned kittens."

But I thought about Kenny and Mary and Sybil all the way across the country. And one evening, about a week after I got back to Hollywood, I picked up the telephone and asked the operator if she could locate a family named Ellis in Richmond. There were a number of them, it seemed, and I tried them all until I found one with a daughter named Mary.

She had a nice voice, Mary had, and suddenly I didn't quite know what to say. Then it came out all in a rush.

"This is Dinah Shore," I said, "and I saw Kenny Ruth in New York last week, and I think you'd better go to him. He needs you."

There was a gasp from the other end of the line and her voice came faintly, "Who did you say this was?"

"Dinah Shore," I repeated. "But it doesn't really matter who it is. The important thing is that if you're still in love with Kenny, you'd better catch the next train. I don't think you'll be sorry."

"But . . ." she wavered, "Kenny wrote that he . . . how can I go when he . . . how do I know . . ."

"Look—don't think about it—just go!"

Her voice suddenly grew firm. "All right, I will. And thanks for calling me." Then another note crept in, "Is this *really* Dinah Shore?"

I laughed. "Yes, it really is. And good luck. Mary."

"Thanks," she said, and we both hung up.

And that's just about the end of this story, except that I got a wire from Kenny and Mary the other day. They're still hunting for an apartment, but they're married and very happy and Kenny doesn't think now that he'll have to turn over the millions he so confidently plans to make to wayward chorus girls or homeless kittens.

So now I feel a bit like a deus ex machina and I'm more than ever in favor of that little quirk of human nature that impels people to confide in strangers. I'm all for it!

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5. All persons in United States, its territories and possessions, may enter—except employees of Models' Special Cosmetics, its Advertising Agency and their respective families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.
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The Second Mrs. Burton

(*Continued from page 23*)

even trying to pretend indifference, when he was convinced that the only hope of happiness for him—the only hope he had clung to, through three years of war—was a reconciliation with Marion. A home of their own again, where he could see Brad every night, not at stated intervals set by the divorce court. And so, he had been on his way to ask Marion for that happiness, to beg her, if necessary, to return to Dickston and to him. What would she say? The last time they had been together was the day he had escorted her and a bewildered, seven-year-old Bradley to a Reno-bound plane. She had never been more beautiful or more remote than at that moment, mocking his last minute pleas that she change her mind . . . That had been three years ago.

What would she say to him? Why, she had said, simply, coolly, "Hello, Stanley. I sent word to Bradley's boarding school that you'd be here. He ought to be along any minute now."

That was when his planned speech eluded him. "You're looking very well, Marion," was all he could say. How could a man start talking of dreams and hopes and plans with a woman whose attitude seemed to indicate that she could spare him about five minutes of her precious time?

Yes, Marion was more beautiful than ever. And just as coldly indifferent as ever to the feelings of others.

"I'm going to be married," she had said abruptly. "Did you know?"

FOR one wild moment he had thought she was telling him that she was coming back to him. But, "His name is Greg Martin," Marion was saying triumphantly, "and he's a war correspondent. He's just what I've always wanted—and he can give me the sort of life I've always wanted. Well—aren't you going to congratulate me, Stan?"

Brad came at that moment—merciful release for Stan. He threw himself on his father with joyous shouts.

The little time spent with Brad, before he had to go back to school, was in a way wonderful and in a way depressing. They had so little to talk about—none of the small, everyday things. It was like trying to make conversation with a stranger, in the house of a stranger. A stranger's house, the door of which he had closed behind him a little later with finality and decision.

Yes, he badly needed fun, Stan told himself again, coming suddenly to the realization that the half hour had slipped by. And a girl who wasn't depressed about being alone in New York was the one to have it with him. He straightened his tie and picked up his cap. This business of sitting around thinking wasn't doing him or his problem any good. He'd go and get his girl, and they'd go out—and have fun.

The corsage he had ordered was pinned against her dress when she opened the door in answer to his knock.

"They're beautiful and I've never had any like them before but you shouldn't have been so extravagant," she told him warmly, all in one breath.

"I shouldn't?" he asked, half-amused, half-touched. "Why not?"

"Well," she faltered, "after all, you . . ."

She was so plainly embarrassed that he helped her out with a hurried, "Never mind, we won't worry about

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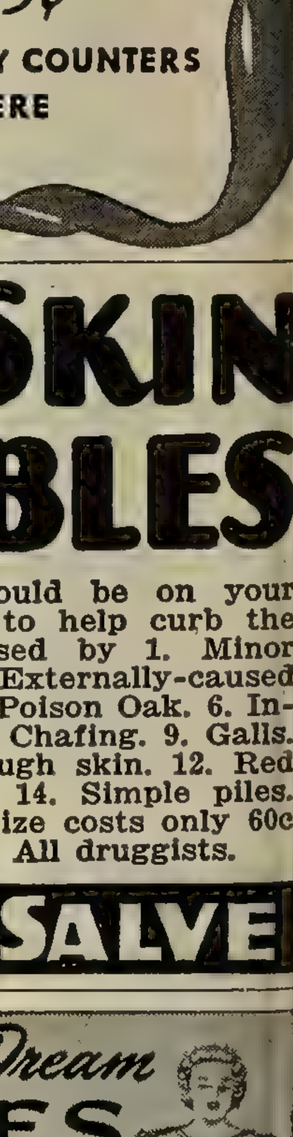

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that now—" He stopped, grinning, as he realized for the first time that he didn't know her name.

She understood the smile, and returned it. "Oh, dear! Look—you'd better call me Terry right away, unless you want me to feel picked-up. I know your name already, Captain Stanley Burton. I asked the bellboy!"

They laughed together, and when he tucked her arm in his, it seemed to fit there somehow—very sweetly, very naturally. It was pleasant and heart-warming for both of them—this easy, friendly relationship they had found so swiftly.

Sometimes talking and sometimes silent, sometimes laughing and sometimes serious, they went through the evening together. They had dinner at an expensive restaurant where Stan hadn't been for years—and which Terry had obviously only read about in the papers and never really hoped to see. Then they went dancing at one of the very new, very glittering night-clubs.

Terry chattered gaily about her family in Wisconsin—her college professor father, her sisters, and the twins; the brother with a ranch in the southwest, and the brother who was still overseas. And she told him about her ambition to be a fashion designer with one the big New York stores—and was blithely confident about the ambition coming to be a reality, very soon.

"Lord, what a little optimist you are, Terry!" Stan teased.

"THAT'S all very well—but I'll do it. You see if I don't," Terry told him with a determined shake of her head, "What are *you* going to do?" she challenged.

"Oh, go back to Dickston when I'm discharged."

"Dickston?"

"Dickston, short for Dickinsontown," he said. "Let me tell you about it in my best guide-book style. It's a thriving metropolis of fifty thousand, situated two hundred miles from the great empire city, on the banks of the beautiful—"

Her laughter interrupted. "I can see it perfectly." And then she was serious again. "And will you job-hunt, too?"

He was suddenly anxious to be away from the subject of Dickston and what he was going to do next. Remembering Dickston was painful—and wasn't this the painless, fun-filled evening he had promised himself?

"Oh, I'll knock around," he answered vaguely, aware without knowing why that he greatly enjoyed having Terry think of him as a jobless nobody rather than as a department store president—and less aware that Terry's sincerity was hammering hard at the cynical distrust of people's motives that had been a part of him since long before the break-up of his marriage to Marion.

Abruptly, he changed the subject. "Let's not worry about the future now." And he smiled at himself, because he realized that he was worrying about the future—the very near future. "Look, Terry—what are you doing tomorrow?" And he laughed, because this was the girl with whom he was going to have one evening's fling, and forget all about.

"Looking for a job," she answered.

He shook his head. "No, you're not," he contradicted. "You're going to look for fun, with me. I've decided that just this one evening doesn't constitute my full share of that scarce commodity, young lady. Will you? Surely one day's difference won't matter!"

"No, I don't think it will," she said,

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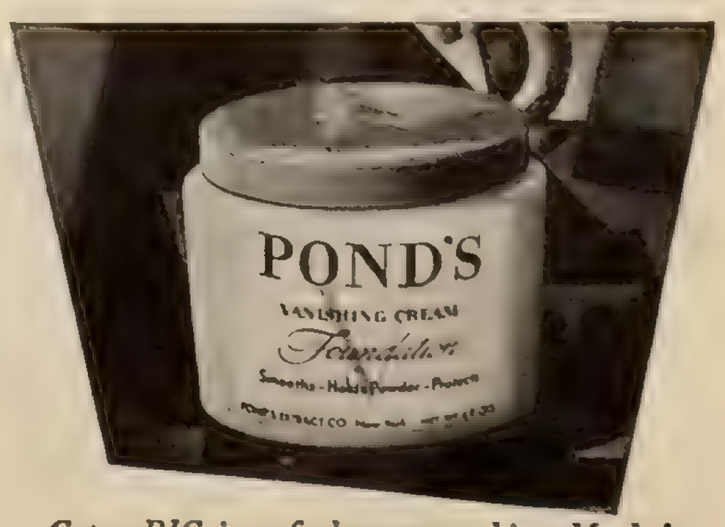

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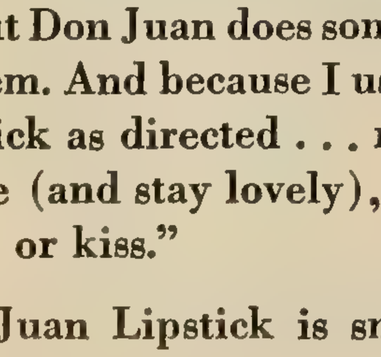

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slowly, "and I'd love to spend the day with you, but—"

"But what?"

"But—well, you'll be spending so much money! Oh, please don't misunderstand," she begged. "This had been a wonderful evening—the kind of New York evening I've dreamed about. But if you have no job to go back to in Dickston, you shouldn't take me out like this. You—well, you may need the money later. Then you'll regret the fun we've had, and—and I wouldn't want that. You aren't offended, are you?" she asked hesitantly, for Stan was silent, literally too stunned to find an answer.

"Offended? I've never had a lecture I enjoyed more." And this time he wasn't smiling. "Spend the day with me tomorrow, Terry—please do. We'll do it your way, budget and all. Just being with you is all I want."

Just being with you is all I want. But, he told himself, he had simply meant he wanted to be with her tomorrow, of course. It hadn't meant anything more than that. This was his girl for a fling, and he wanted the fling, which was taking his mind from his own problems, to last a little longer . . . just a little longer.

To Stan, the most astonishing thing about the whole thing was that, at least for now, all he did want was to be with Terry. In the whole fantastic affair, that was the one, solid truth. He was having fun—enjoying companionship—laughing spontaneously for the first time since he had awakened from the state of a dazzled bridegroom to the realization that his marriage was far, far from what he had always imagined marriages should be.

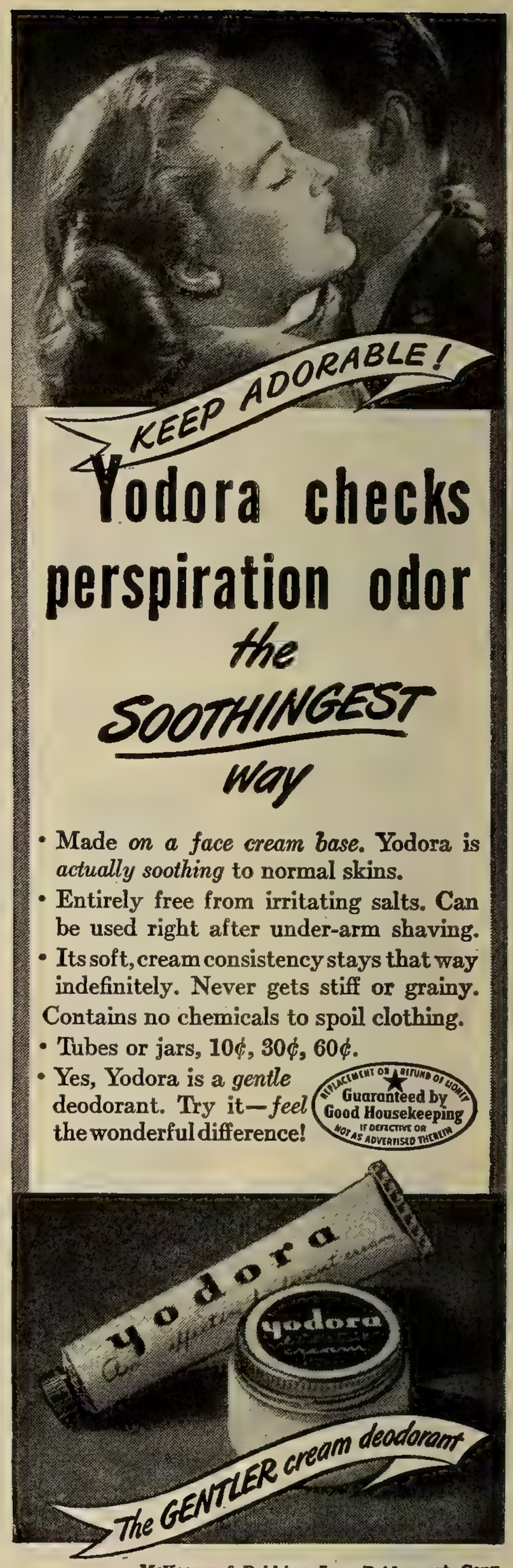
MARION . . . Abruptly, Stan's laughter died, and he turned his eyes away from Terry to watch, blindly, the floor show. But the hypnotic rhythm of the dancers was not enough to lull his thoughts back to quiescence. What had happened to Marion, anyway? How, and when, and where, and why, had she changed? Or, perhaps, become what she had always been meant to be?

Stanley had had high hopes of Marion's changing, of her becoming more a wife, when she had told him, abruptly and not too joyously, that they were going to have a child. And it had changed her. . . .

In the beginning, their marriage—his and Marion's—had been exactly like a dream come true—perhaps because he had had no concrete dream, and was able to find reality malleable enough to fit any conception. Stanley was, at first, Marion's idea of the perfect husband—worshiping her, and allowing her to wrap him around her little finger at will. He had been so entirely in love that he was convinced that Marion could do no wrong.

"When a man's mother sings her daughter-in-law's praises to the skies, she must be good," he would tease his wife, scooping her off the floor into his arms, and laughing away her squeals of pretended protest. But, in spite of his mother's approval, Stan couldn't help being aware that his two sisters, Marcia and Louise, were not as impressed by his wife as he thought they should have been.

Louise had been, Stan remembered now, frankly contemptuous from the first of Marion's way of living her life, of her preoccupation with clothes, her absorption in externals. Even a dazzled bridegroom couldn't be wholly unaware that admiration was the breath of Marion's being. But he had laughingly ignored the time she had lavished



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on herself to get the proper effects, relishing her triumphs himself. And sure, always sure, that she would settle down after a bit, sure that she would change. Doubly sure after she told him that they were going to have a baby.

Settle down? If anything, Marion's restlessness increased after the baby was born. She installed little Bradley in an elaborate nursery, hired an excellent nurse to care for him, and seemed to consider that her responsibility ended there. She told Stan querulously that he needn't expect her to go through anything like that again, and went off to take up her round of pleasure where she had left off.

The social life that Dickston had to offer no longer seemed to satisfy Marion —she craved wider, greener fields. New York, only two hundred miles away, was the greatest possible temptation—one to which she succumbed too often without a struggle. Stanley had made no protest the first few times that she had made sudden trips, staying several days at a time, and returning home progressively more discontented with life in Dickston. But after her third visit, he had felt that he must protest.

They had argued long and furiously that night, and even now Stan could feel the distasteful bitterness of it. He had known, then, that there was nothing he could do.

And he had been right. As the years went by, their marriage had developed into a more-or-less armed neutrality; the price of peace was to let Marion do as she pleased. For Bradley's sake, Stan had paid it.

The years had brought other changes, too. Mr. Burton was dead, and Stanley had succeeded him.

BUT the most important change of all had been the coming of the war, and Stanley's decision to get into it as quickly as he could. He had wondered uneasily, that night when he had finally decided that he must go, what Marion would say. And he made the grim resolve that for once what she had to say would make no difference.

What she had to say was simple. "I want a divorce." She had finally reached the decision that alimony in New York was infinitely preferable to a husband in Dickston. They had parted at that plane—Marion to Reno, Stanley off to war.

Off to war with the firm conviction that he would never again want the companionship of a woman — any woman.

And here he was tonight, three years later, having just said to a virtually unknown girl across the table, *Just being with you is all I want.*

Being with her *tomorrow,* he corrected himself, was all he wanted *now.* It didn't mean anything. It meant only, simply, that he was lonely—that he was a normal returning soldier, who wanted a girl to go the rounds of the city with him, a girl to show the sights, to keep him from the boredom of a companionless day, a solitary dinner.

And he won his point. Terry met him for breakfast in the hotel's little coffee shop the next morning—Terry, sweet and morning-bright, and terribly serious about the schedule of events which she had carefully listed for them.

They followed the list religiously, and loved it. The view from the top of Radio City . . . the Central Park zoo . . . lunch in an automat (to her laughing question, Stan could say quite truthfully that he had never been in one before) . . . the Staten Island ferry ride (New York's biggest nickel's

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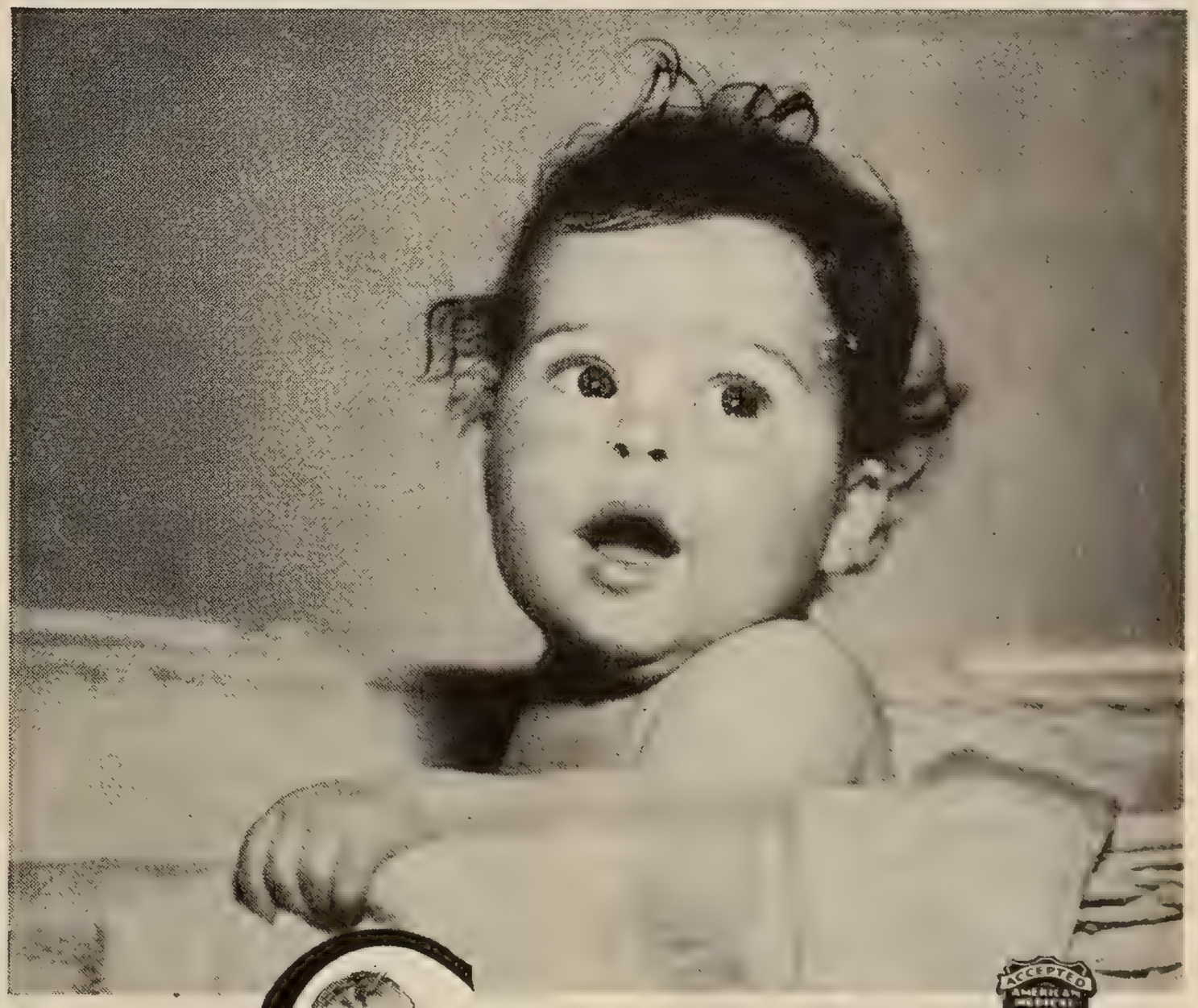

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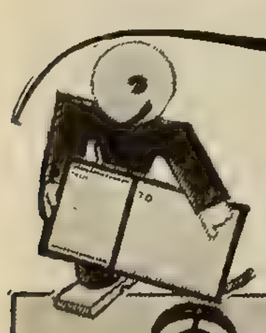

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worth, they call it," Terry assured him) . . . and evening of exploring Greenwich Village . . .

And, not quite sure what had happened to them, only knowing that being close together was being close to happiness, Stan and Terry quite simply, quite automatically, laid plans for the next evening, too.

Just for the evening, though—because, this second day, Terry insisted that she must begin her job hunting in earnest, and, after meeting him for a quick breakfast, was on her way.

Stan wandered down Madison Avenue a little way, and then back up Fifth and to the hotel again, to sit on the edge of the bed and count away the hours until he could knock on Terry's door that evening, and take her to dinner once again.

What's the matter with me? he asked himself over and over again during that long, dull morning. *I must have been a great deal lonelier than I thought possible. I must have somehow, somewhere, lost the faculty for amusing myself. Lord, what a dull guy I must be if I even bore myself!*

HE began thinking, then, about Dickston. He'd have to go back in a few days. He'd been looking forward to it, all the way across from England. But then, he told himself, he had been looking forward to taking Marion and Bradley home with him. What a fool he had been—to think that a war, a hiatus of three years, a few words pleadingly spoken, could miraculously transform Marion into a good wife, a good mother. No, it was much better to be going home to Dickston without her. . .

The knock on the door was light and decisive, both—and even as he started, pulling himself and his thoughts back to the present he knew instinctively that that knock was Terry's.

Why, it was only noon, and she was back! He felt absurdly, childishly happy, like a small boy who has just been presented with some fantastically colorful new toy . . . and he felt not the slightest sense of shame, as two strides carried him swiftly to the door. He felt no desire to, no necessity for hiding his pleasure, either. Terry was the kind of girl from whom you didn't have to hide your feelings. Terry was the kind of girl . . .

"Stan—Stan, I couldn't wait to see you!" She had begun to talk almost before he had the door open, standing fresh and eager and as pretenceless as he on the threshold. "The most wonderful thing has happened, Stan! I have a job!"

"A job?" He felt foolishly as if someone had landed a neat, well-placed blow in his solar plexus.

"A perfectly marvelous job in a perfectly marvelous place! And Stan, it—"

He managed to grin at her, getting his breath back. "Hey, there—take it easy!"

"Easy?" Her eyes were shining, her whole being alight. "How can you say take it easy, Stan Burton?"

"Terry" He moved closer to her, took her hands. "Listen, Terry, I hate to pour cold water on all this bubbling enthusiasm of yours, but—"

And then he stopped . . . But what? What could he say, what on earth could he give as a reason for not wanting her to take the job? What on earth made him think he had the right—?

"But what, Stan?"

He was very quiet for a moment, looking down at her. Because at last he knew what he was going to say. At last he knew that the words he was going to say to her had been forming in his mind since the very first moment he had laid eyes on her. This was why he had found the sunny morning so grey without her. This was why the thought of going back to Dickston had been almost intolerable.

This was Terry, the girl with whom the returning soldier was going to have his first fling at home. Why, you could never have a fling with a girl like Terry. That's why he had liked her from the first—Terry was a girl for keeps, and Stan was the kind of man who played for keeps, too, when he was allowed to.

"But what, Stan—but what?"

"But you're not going to take that job."

Her eyes rounded in astonishment. "Not take it? Why—why Stan, I start on Monday!"

He nodded gravely. "You start on Monday—but not on that job. On another one." All the chaos and confusion in his mind was gone now. It was very simple. This was Terry, and he loved her. And that was all there was to it. All there was to life itself, for him.

"On Monday, my darling—my dearest darling—you'll be starting for Dickston—with me."

He saw her hand go up, seeking the door frame for something solid to cling to. Her eyes were very dark, her face very white, and he couldn't tell just what it was she was feeling. Doubt? Fear? Distrust? Perhaps, even, anger? Whatever it was, it had to be wiped away, wholly and completely. She had to smile again, at once, for him.

"I'm asking you to marry me, Terry." He was very close to her now, so that he could hear her quick, soft breathing. "I mean it with all my heart. There's never been anyone like you in my life, and I want to keep you there. I love you, Terry—I'm just as—as bewildered and thunderstruck and—and everything—about it as you are. But I do know that I mean it, as I've never meant anything before in my life. Just believe that I love you, and we'll go on from there."

"But—but, Stan! Two days!"

HIS eyes met hers squarely. "Two days, or two hours, or two minutes—or two years or centuries, I would have known it, no matter how long a time we'd been together, the moment I saw that I was going to lose you. Your job—answer me, Terry. Will you give it up and come home to Dickston with me?"

She moved slowly forward, covering the little distance between them, into his waiting arms. "This is completely crazy," she whispered, before he closed her lips with his. But she was smiling.

The feeling of her in his arms, where she so obviously, so rightly, belonged, filled his heart with a deep thankfulness. There was so much to say, so much to tell her. But it didn't worry him, now. Tomorrow would be time enough. Tomorrow to tell her of the Burton position and the Burton money, because she was secure in the knowledge that she cared for neither. Time enough tomorrow to tell her about Marion and about Bradley. She would understand.

Tomorrow—but now was now, and there was no need to plan or think or dream. All that really mattered now was their love, and he had never been as sure of anything in his life as he was sure of that.

Never to Part

(*Continued from page 41*)

n Gemwater, the city across the river from Pierpont. I figured that after another year I'd be ready to go to work with Dad, if I could—and I knew I could—get him to break with Eli. Then Helen and I would be married, and we'd build a house in the new suburb west of town. We'd have three children—two boys and a girl, I hoped—slim, blond kids like Helen, with her light, graceful way of moving. I'm dark myself, and on the square-built side. Someday we'd have a cabin up North, and a sailboat and a speedboat.

That was what I wanted, and it had never once occurred to me that I might not get it. I knew that I had to work for it, but I'd been brought up to believe that that was what living was—knowing what you wanted and working for it and getting it.

At first I looked upon the war simply as a nuisance that had come along and postponed my plans. I went through boot camp without a thought of what war meant to the people who were so much closer to it than I, with my thoughts fixed only on the day I'd get back to Pierpont and Helen and the things I wanted to do. But by the time her letter came breaking our engagement, I'd gone into Guam with the Seabees after the first wave of Marines, and I'd already seen a lot of things that made me think. It wasn't only that I'd been living and working with all kinds of men from everywhere, but it was the island, too, and the natives. Almost up until the moment we landed, I'd pictured a Pacific Island as it is in the story books—with palm trees, and natives who wore sarongs and who lived in grass huts and ate cocoanuts and grasshoppers. I didn't expect the villages to be like the villages back home in the States, with frame houses and plumbing and stores and theaters and taverns. Finding those little towns all torn up by the Japs, and the people driven into the jungle, was like seeing Pierpont smashed and our neighbors left homeless. The natives had lost homes almost as good as my own home in Pierpont, and they were living like animals in any sort of shelter they could rig up—but they went ahead and helped us all they could with the nothing they had, and they had the time and graciousness to offer us hospitality. I squatted on my haunches many times side by side with people several shades darker than I and ate roast pig with my fingers. The pig was delicious after a diet of canned meat and powdered eggs, even if it had been cooked over a fire in an old gasoline can.

I began to understand that real living isn't necessarily going after things and getting them, but knowing how to make good of what is handed you. You lose something you want very much, and you go ahead and throw yourself heart and soul into what you have, and pretty soon you've got something better and finer than anything you thought you wanted. That's why Helen's letter didn't hit me too hard. I'd wanted her more than anything else in the world, and I'd lost her, but she didn't have to tell me that it was all for the best. I knew that. Helen went on the shelf along with the cabin and the speedboat and the other unimportant dreams a spoiled, fortunate kid named Johnny Mason used to have.

After that first day at home when I'd said I didn't want to talk about her, Mother and Dad didn't mention Helen.

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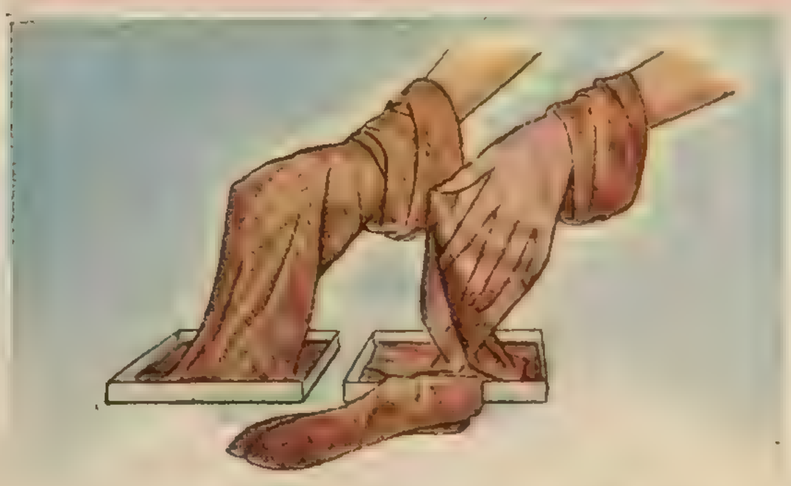

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I don't think they would have had much to say about her, anyway—Mom had written, after the engagement was broken, that she had "given Helen a piece of her mind," for which you can't very much blame her. After all, no matter what Helen's reasons had been, I was the apple of Mom's eye, and no explanation could have convinced her that Helen hadn't played me a pretty low trick. So I imagine they hadn't seen anything of Helen after that—Pierpont's a big enough city so that you aren't very apt to run into people accidentally, and they certainly hadn't sought her out. So they didn't talk about her, thinking, I suppose, that I was still sore on the subject. I kept intending to tell them how I really felt, but it didn't seem important, and it slipped my mind. In my new life there was nothing to remind me of her.

I was putting in long hours at school, and on most nights that I wasn't studying or fooling around Dad's shop, I was too tired to do anything but to go to bed. Of my old friends two had been killed and one was still in a hospital in England, and the others had scattered in the years I'd been away. Most of my contact with them was limited to telephone conversations in which we said that we must get together—as soon as we had a week when we weren't so busy. None of them mentioned Helen. Maybe they were being tactful, or maybe they'd forgotten that I'd once been engaged to her.

And I had a new girl. Her name was Delores Ryan, and she was in a design class of mine at school. She was small and dark and very pretty, with big dark eyes and a sweet, firm chin. I began to talk to her around school, and then I took her dancing at the Casino, the nicest and newest night club in Gemwater. I had a good time that night, better even than I'd expected. Delores danced like a dream, and she looked like a dream in her tight-waisted, wide-skirted dress. And she liked me. As time went by and we had more dates, I was surer of it. Her eyes said so, a quick note that came into her voice when she spoke my name told me so. I was glad. It was good, knowing that someone as nice as Delores cared about you. Just thinking about her gave me a good, warm, contented feeling.

And then I saw Helen.

It was a Saturday afternoon in the middle of May, when the sun was like liquid gold poured into the streets. I was downtown that day, shopping for Dad. I'd just come out of the coo dimness of a hardware store, blinkin at the brilliance of the day—and all o a sudden Helen was before me, almos as if she'd stepped out of the sunligh itself. That's the way things happen—if I'd been looking for her, I wouldn' have accidentally run into her in a mil lion years!

We both stopped. I can't put a nam to the expression that crossed her face but I had a feeling that she was a startled as I was. Then she smiled an held out her hand. "Johnny," sh said. "How are you?"

"Fine." I sort of croaked the word Her hand was slim and strong an warm—and mine, mine was like ice "How're you?"

It was like her to ignore the question, to go directly to what she wanted "Johnny, I've tried to call you—"

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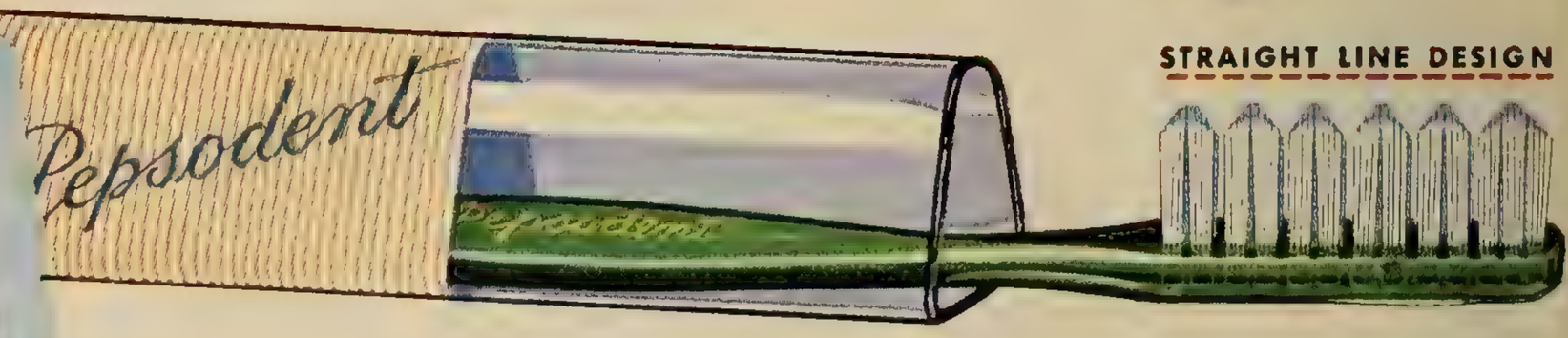

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Then, mercifully, something snapped me together. I dropped her hand. "I know," I said hurriedly. "I'll give you a ring one of these days. I'm in a hurry right now—errand for Dad—"

I don't know what she said to that, because I was past her, on my way down the street. I thought I heard her calling after me, thought there was an urgency in her voice, but I couldn't be sure. All I was sure of was that I was dazed and choked and shaking—and alive. Alive as I hadn't been since I'd kissed her goodbye, more than three years ago. I walked a block past where I'd parked the car before I even realized where I was.

I went back to the car and sat down in it, and lighted a cigarette. Oh, no, I thought. She didn't call after you, John Mason. You didn't even imagine it. You don't want to imagine it. Your ears were playing tricks on you. Silly, pointless tricks. It was the unexpectedness of seeing her that upset you, that was all. She's nothing to you—remember who you are. You're John Mason grown-up, and you've got a sweeter girl, a wonderful girl . . . Delores. . . .

None of it helped much. Oh, my blood became blood again instead of ice water, and my hands stopped shaking, and some of the choked feeling left me. But Helen's face and Helen's voice went home with me that afternoon, followed me to the shop while I worked with Dad. At five o'clock I did the only thing I knew to do about it—I called Delores, and asked if she'd have dinner with me.

Delores knew that something was wrong. We had dinner at the Casino, because there was a floor show at dinner, and I didn't have to talk very much. We danced after the show, and I thought I was keeping up my end of the conversation fairly well until out of a silence I heard Delores saying, "Tell me, John, where were you just now?"

I felt my face get red. I'd been back in a little cafe at the edge of town, dancing to an old tune, *That Old Black Magic*. It had been Helen's favorite the year I went away.

"No place," I said. But I didn't sound convincing, even to myself.

She went on to talk about something else, and for the rest of the evening she was casual and gay. I kept telling myself what a swell girl she was, and how lucky I was to have her. Still, the good warm feeling I used to have at the very thought of her was gone; I couldn't call it back.

She tried to reach me once more that evening, when I took her home. A silence fell when I stopped the car before her house, and after a moment Delores said, "Johnny, please tell me—what's on your mind?"

"Nothing."

"Are you sure?" I didn't look directly at her, but I felt her eyes searching my face.

The truth was that I'd been remembering the last night I'd been with Helen, before I went away. It had been a night like this, with a sky full of stars and all soft with spring. Helen hadn't shed a tear, hadn't said a word to spoil our last evening together—until the last minute, when she clung to me, trembling, unable to stop trembling. "I'm so afraid, Johnny. So terribly afraid—something might happen to us—"

I'd held her tight, laughed a little at her. "Honey, nothing will change."

"It isn't just that. It's—oh, everything's different; the whole world's changing. I'm afraid we might change, too."

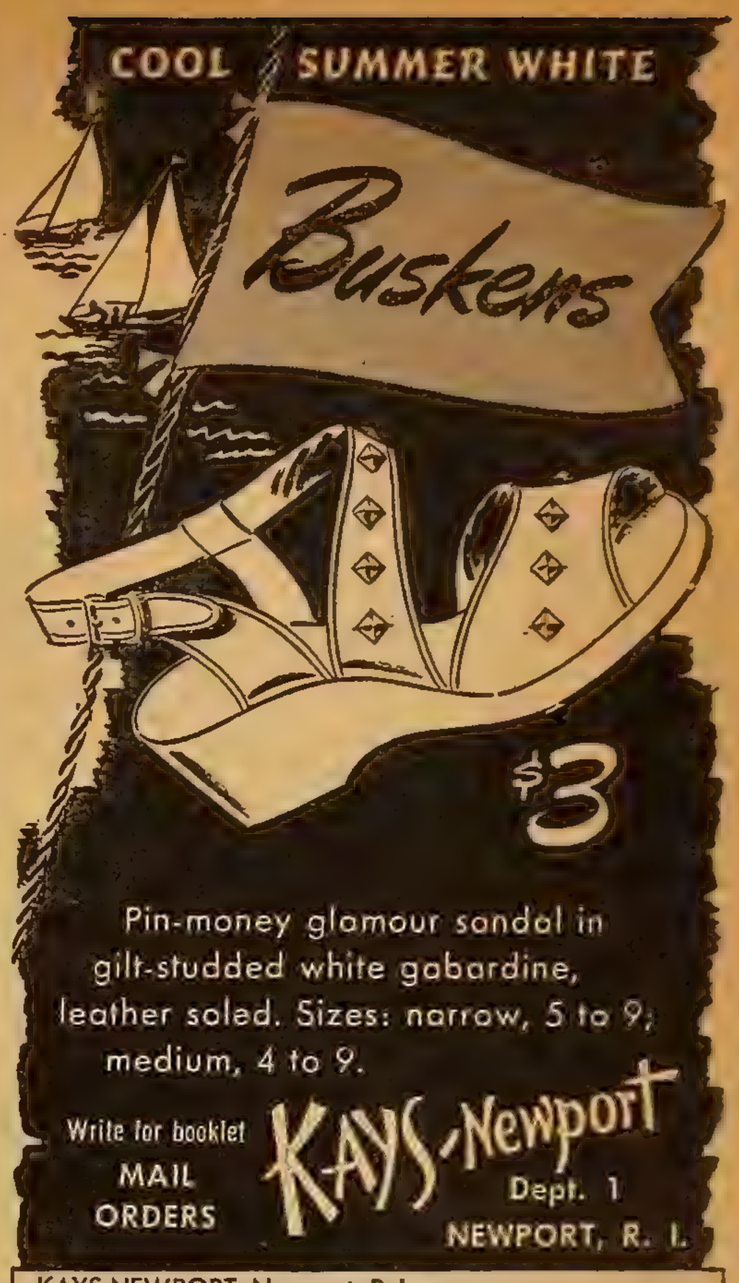
Well, I thought now, Helen had changed, and in not quite a year. To Delores I said, "Sure there's nothing on my mind. Nothing at all." I'd never told her about Helen. There'd been no reason to.

Another silence, and then Delores leaned over and kissed me. "I don't want to pry, John. I just want to help, if I can—"

"I know you do." I repeated, "There's nothing at all on my mind—except you." And I kissed her back, harder than I'd ever kissed her before.

She looked at me gravely, and then she smiled, as if she believed me. "I'm glad, John." She touched my cheek lightly, and then she opened the door and ran up to the house.

Delores had believed me because she wanted to believe me. I'd wanted to believe myself. But there wasn't any use pretending any longer that Helen was just a part of the kid-dreams I used to have. I'd been really in love with her—all that was meant by the words. I didn't feel that way about Delores, but I would, I promised myself, some day. Certainly I still wasn't in love with Helen. I drove by her parents' house a couple of times in the next week, but that was because I happened to have errands out that way,



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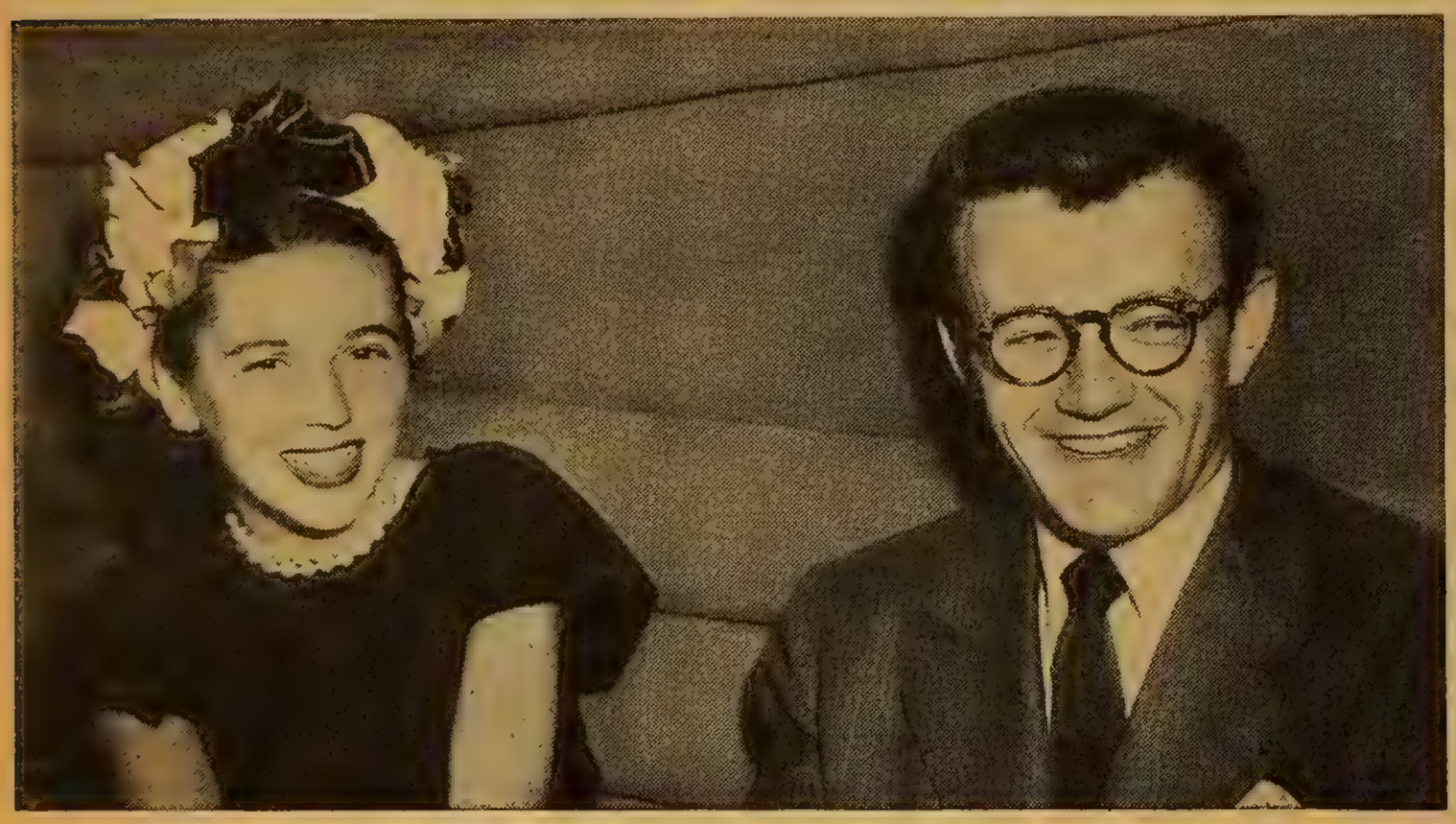

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not because I wanted to remember her as she used to come running down those steps, out to my car. I waited for her to telephone, and when she didn't, I told myself that I'd call her, one of these days. It would prove that I had no feeling left for her but a friendly one.

But somehow, I didn't get around to call, and when Nina Turner called me, to invite me to a party, I hedged. Nina had been a friend of Helen's in school, and I was pretty certain Helen would be invited too. Helen and her husband. "Thursday night," I said. "I don't know, Nina. I have to be at school early on Friday—"

"Please, Johnny," she said. "I'd like all of Bill's old friends to be there." That settled it, of course. I asked Nina if it would be all right if I brought a guest. "Of course," she said cordially. "Bring anyone you want."

So I took Delores to the party, and I went late, so we'd make no more than a token appearance. We had dinner first, and then we danced until Delores reminded me about the party. "It's nearly midnight, Johnny, and I've got to get home soon. If you want to see your friends—"

"Sure," I said. "Right now."

DELORES looked at me, but she said nothing. I knew what she was thinking—that I looked queer, tense. I was tense, with that knotted-up kind of nervous excitement that shuts you so tightly within yourself that you're hardly aware of anything around you. Maybe that's why I don't remember much about the party. I remember the line of cars in front of Nina's house, and the porch light shining out on the lawn, and the tired-sweet scent of fading lilacs as we went up the walk.

Someone yelled, "Johnny!" and there was a crowd around us, and everyone was talking all at once, the way they do when they haven't seen each other for a long time. Nina and a fellow named Kent Armstrong talked to us. I kept an eye on the archway to the living-room, where couples were dancing, but I didn't see Helen. I'd begun to think she wasn't there when Kent said, "By the way, Johnny, Helen's here. I suppose you heard—"

About her marriage. I didn't want to hear him say it. I said, "Yeah," and got up, pulling Delores along with me.

We danced. I smiled down at Delores and told her what a wonderful dancer she was, and the rest of the time I kept my eyes at shoulder-level of the other couples, so I could guide and yet not look into their faces. Then someone tapped my shoulder, and said, "Cut—" and I had to let Delores go. I took refuge in the anteroom—and there was Helen, talking to two strangers.

"Hello, Johnny." She put her hand on my arm. "I'd like you to meet—"

I'm a coward. I couldn't meet the fellow she'd married—not then. I pretended I hadn't heard her, and said, "Let's dance."

She came into my arms without a word, and we moved out onto the floor as if it had been hours instead of years since we'd last danced together. I didn't smile down at her as I had at Delores; I kept my eyes straight ahead. They were playing *Begin the Beguine,* another tune we'd both liked, and after a minute Helen began to hum it. Then she laughed a little and said, "I'm sorry."

My heart turned over. She never could sing, but she always forgot herself and tried, especially when she was

dancing—and then she'd apologize for spoiling the music for her partner. She felt so exactly as she used to feel in my arms, and her light, off-key voice, and her laugh were so much as they'd always been that all of a sudden it was as if everything that had happened in the past three years had been swept away. We were Helen and Johnny again, a couple, two people who'd belonged together from the beginning.

There was an alcove off the dining-room. I didn't dance her into it deliberately; the music swept us into it, the music and a force I couldn't fight. Then I was holding her hard against me, and her mouth, the mouth that had always shaped so readily, so perfectly, to my kisses, was pliant and welcoming under my lips.

I had forgotten how much a man could want a woman, *his* woman. There hadn't been any women for so long, and then Delores—but Delores hadn't been mine, marked out for me, the answer to every need. I let Helen go finally only because some civilized instinct tapped me on the shoulder, told me that if I didn't I'd carry her straight out of the house, carry her home with me. She didn't speak, just stood looking up at me, her face perfectly white, her eyes enormous.

I didn't say I was sorry. How could I be sorry for something I couldn't help? I just turned and walked out.

I found Delores, told her I was ready to go. She got her wrap and we went out, down the lilac-scented walk to the car. I drove straight to Delores' house, and when I stopped the car, I gathered her into my arms. I kissed her, so hard and long that she gasped when I lifted my lips from hers. "John," she said. "Please—"

I silenced her with kisses, held her tighter—and then she was pushing me away, striking with little fists against my arms, talking low, angrily. "John, let me go. I mean it, John—"

"I love you," I insisted. "Delores—"

"You don't love me. You're in love with someone else. And you're kissing someone else, not me."

SHE was right, of course. I'd known it all along, and I guess all I needed was to have it put into words for me. I let her go then and sat looking at her with sick, shamed eyes. "I'm sorry," I said.

"It's all right, John." Her voice wasn't quite steady, and her eyes were bright with tears—and with something else, too. With something like compassion. "I've known it for a long time," she said. "But I'd hoped—oh, there's no use saying what I'd hoped. And tonight I saw who the girl was—the blonde girl you danced with. There wasn't anyone else in the world for you when you were with her. Anyone could see it."

"Nonsense," I said. "That isn't true."

She shook her head, and for a moment her lips were pressed tight, as if she didn't trust herself to speak. Then she gathered up her gloves and her handbag, half-opened the door of the car. "It's bad enough when you try to fool other people, John. But when you try to fool yourself. . . ."

I drove home with a completely blank mind. I let myself into the house, went upstairs, went through all the motions of unlocking and locking doors, undressing, brushing my teeth, without thought, like an automaton. But after I was in bed the whole thing came rushing at me, and I lay there wishing that I were six years old and able to cry. It isn't good to find out that you aren't the master of your own

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

emotions. It isn't good to know that all the rightness and contentment can be knocked out of your life because you're crazy in love with a slim blonde girl . . . with another man's wife. I'd been all right for two years. Lately, I'd even been happy. I'd had work I loved, and I'd had Delores. Then I'd seen Helen twice, and everything good was gone.

The next morning was better. Mornings always are, I suppose, after such a night as I'd had—and then, I was angry, not just sick and beaten and wretched. I awoke late, in a black mood, and I raced for school, hating the whole world and myself most of all. I didn't get much out of school that day. Most of the time I carried on long, savage conversations with myself, in which I tried to show John Mason what an utter fool he was. What if I still was in love with her—it couldn't last. I couldn't go all my life with this fire in my veins, when there was nothing to feed it. And didn't I remember that she wasn't worth loving? She was unstable, undependable. She'd proved it once, and now she was proving it again, married to another man, calling me up, smiling at me, letting me kiss her—and yes, kissing me back. Kissing me as if she meant it. Flighty . . . faithless. . . .

THERE was one sure way of getting her out of my mind, at least for a little while. When my last class was out I went straight down the street to the little tavern where I sometimes stopped on my way home. Phil, the bartender, automatically reached for a beer shell when he saw me come in, but I stopped him. "Rye," I said. "Water wash."

His eyebrows rose in mild surprise. He knew that when I drank highballs, I had them mixed with soda. "You going to drink it straight?" he inquired.

I didn't have time to answer. The door opened and there were footsteps, light, quick, unmistakable, although I'd never expected to hear them in a place like this. She wouldn't dare, I thought. She wouldn't— But she did. She swung up onto the stool beside me.

Phil set down the water, poured my rye. "Yes, Miss?"

Helen said, "Sherry, please."

I lifted my glass. My hand didn't shake. I felt calm inside, too—a kind of blank, waiting calm. Phil turned away for the sherry and Helen said softly, quickly, "Johnny—may I talk to you, please?"

I met her eyes briefly in the mirror behind the bar. "What's there to talk about?"

"A lot," she said steadily. "Last night —Johnny, we can't talk here. Let's take a table."

Phil brought her sherry, caught her last words. "Unh-uh," he said. "Hold on there. This ain't that kind of place. You came in alone, and the gentleman came in alone. No sittin' down at no table together."

She looked at him blankly; she didn't understand at first what he meant. Then she flushed, and I felt my own face getting hot—not with embarrassment, but with anger. Couldn't he see that she was a lady, not a cheap girl out to make a pick-up? I hadn't intended to sit down with her, but now I felt that I had to. "It's all right, Phil," I told him. "We're old friends. We had an appointment."

Phil blinked. "Oh, well," he said. "In that case—"

I moved our drink to a table in the corner. We sat down, and for a long

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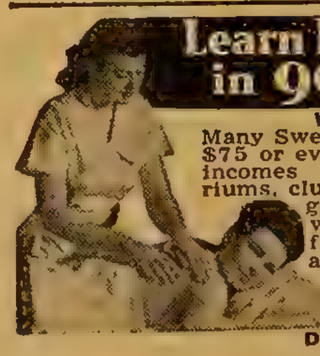

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moment we looked at each other without speaking. This was the first time I'd seen her—really seen her, without being blinded by my own overcharged emotions. She was a little heavier, I saw now. The added weight became her well, made her look steadier, almost settled.

I didn't care if I hurt her. I wanted to hurt her. "Does your husband like your walking into bars alone?" I asked. "Or doesn't he know you're here?"

She looked back at me without flinching. Her chin lifted a little. "He might not like it," she said. "If I had a husband. I haven't, Johnny. You know that."

I went as cold as the ice in my glass. The whole world dropped away, left me groundless, helpless.

"No," I said. "I didn't know. What happened?"

I didn't really want to know. I just wanted a chance to think, to get my balance. The world had come back now was crashing and roaring around my ears. *So she wasn't married—so what? She threw you down, didn't she? What does she want now—a chance to do it again?*

"I—we broke it off. It was no good. I didn't love him. I thought I did. I tried to. But I couldn't."

I lifted my glass. The rye burned, braced me. "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because I think you still care about me, Johnny. I'd hoped—I'd prayed—you would, and last night I was sure. Your arms didn't lie, Johnny, and your kisses, and your eyes."

Her hands came up in a little helpless gesture. "Johnny, please. You're making it so difficult. What Frank and I lacked, you and I had, Johnny. I'm glad I realized it in time. I mean—I've never stopped loving you, not for a minute."

"You never stopped loving me. And yet you broke our engagement; you were all set to marry someone else."

"I know," she said. "I wanted to marry him. It was—safer. I—Johnny, what happened was this: I felt so alone after you were gone, so frightened—I didn't know what of. It was just that the whole world seemed topsy-turvy, and that no one could be sure of anything any more. Then Sallie Hunt—you remember her; she was in our math class—the man Sallie was engaged to married a girl in England. Wrote her that he was sorry, but that

JUNE RADIO MIRROR ON SALE Friday, May 10th

Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for June will go on sale Friday, May 10th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!

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the war seemed due to last forever, and he wanted to enjoy life while he could. And Maxine Cross' fiance broke their engagement—didn't give her any reason, just told her they were through."

"And you thought I might do the same thing?"

"I wasn't sure," she admitted in a low voice. "I wasn't sure how you'd feel after you'd been away for a long time. After you'd seen other places, other people. And then I met Frank—and he was such a fine person, such a good, a really wonderful person. He cared about me deeply, and he was here—and oh, Johnny, don't you see?"

She waited. I could feel her waiting, but I didn't look up. I sat turning my glass of ice water around and around, clinking the ice against the sides. The silence between us stretched itself out, out—and somewhere in it there was a climax, felt, not spoken. Helen stirred; she was getting up. She stood over me, speaking softly to the top of my lowered head. "You don't understand," she said, "because you don't try. I was afraid you wouldn't. You never did do much thinking about anyone except John Mason. Even me—you never thought of me as a person, but as something that belonged to you. I'm leaving now, Johnny, but everything I've said still goes. I just wish you'd grow up—soon. I've waited two years for you to come back, I can't wait longer."

SHE wished *I'd* grow up! And then suddenly I saw that I wasn't being grown up. I wasn't being half the person I'd been when I'd got her letter, out on Guam. I'd begun to take some account of other people then, to see their side of things, to understand how they felt. And now I was balking at trying to understand her—the person who was dearest in all the world to me. And all that was stopping me was my pride—and jealousy. And as for that, as for her feeling for Frank—why, that was the way I'd felt about Delores! I'd liked Delores, a lot. There weren't enough nice words to describe her—but I hadn't loved her. I'd almost thought I had, I'd tried to love her, but the spark, the living core of love had not been there.

Helen was half-way to the door. "Wait," I called. "Helen—"

She turned, came back slowly. I knew that I ought to rise, but the thought of what it would be like to be with her again, to know she was mine again, turned my knees to water. She stood waiting, while I tried to phrase my question. There was something I wanted to know . . . no, something I knew already, but I wanted her own words to confirm it. "You—how long ago was it that you broke with Frank?"

"Two years, nearly. A few weeks after I wrote to you—"

That was what I'd wanted to hear, and I was ashamed now that I'd asked. Flighty . . . faithless? Not when she'd waited so long, taking a chance on my coming back, on my wanting her when I did come back—and she'd been more honest with herself than I had. She'd sent Frank away as soon as she'd known she didn't love him. I'd tried to hang on to Delores after I'd known it was no good.

"I couldn't write again," she was saying, "not after that first letter. I couldn't ask you to come back to me. All I could do was hope that you'd want to."

I put my hand over hers, pulled her down beside me. For a long time I couldn't say anything. When the words did come, they were husky with gratitude. "I want to," I said.

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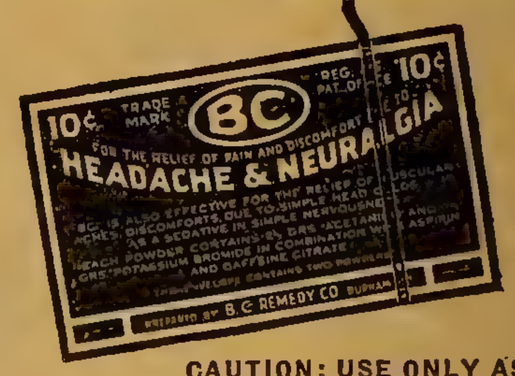

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It Didn't Seem True

(*Continued from page 49*)

time to scrub my screen make-up off and dress before the car was waiting to take us to the church (we both wanted a church wedding).

I wore the blue dress Hyatt asked me to, and the organist, after playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and the appropriate "I Love You Truly," played our theme song "Till the End Of Time"—the song Hyatt heard me record.

Hyatt designed my wedding ring—his coat of arms linking two slim bands of gold with baguette diamonds. He slipped it on my finger—when the minister instructed him to do so. It was over so quickly, like the other magic seconds in the brief moments since we met—it didn't seem true!

Hyatt and I went home to our house on the hill for our wedding supper. A great fire was burning in the fireplace, and the lights of all Los Angeles twinkled below.

I've finally found some one on whom I can lean. I've always found it impossible to say "No" when a radio sponsor or a motion picture producer asked me to do another radio program or just one more picture. That's why I had only three weeks off the past seven years! Show business may seem glamorous and fun to people on the outside, but it is hard work—as Hyatt found out when he followed me around for a few weeks after we met.

"You're killing yourself," he told me. "You've *got* to have rest and sunshine."

He really put his foot down, too.

Now, when my agent gets persistent, I just turn him over to my husband.

And now, since we're to have a baby next July, Hyatt has become even more protective of me.

Except for Fridays—the day of my radio show—he insists on my staying home most of the time and going to bed early.

I know now what it means to feel refreshed and alive. I know what it means to feel completely happy. No wonder I believe in love at first sight! No wonder I think marriage is wonderful. And if every girl could find herself a Hyatt, I'd recommend marriage as the perfect answer to the housing shortage, the atomic bomb—or any old problem which continues to plague the worn and weary human race.

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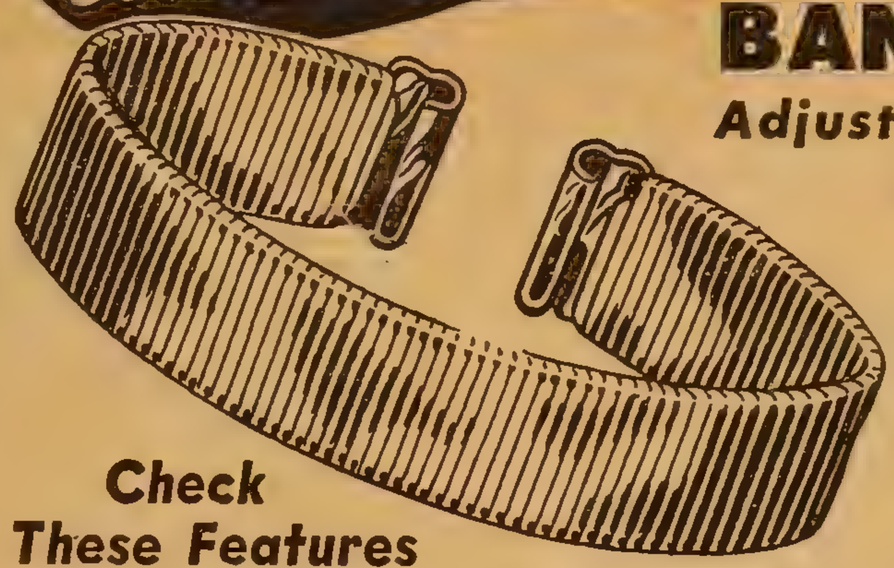

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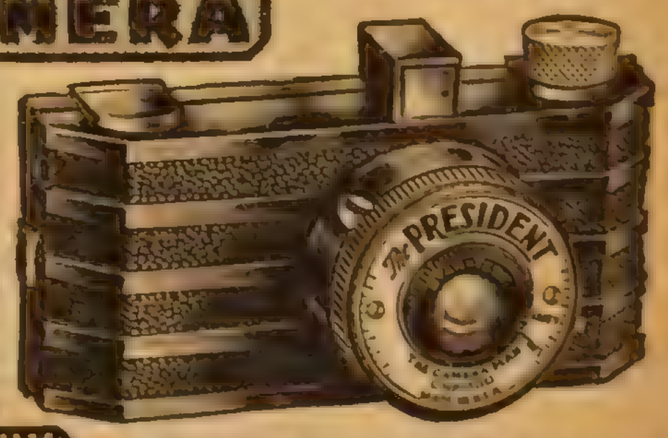

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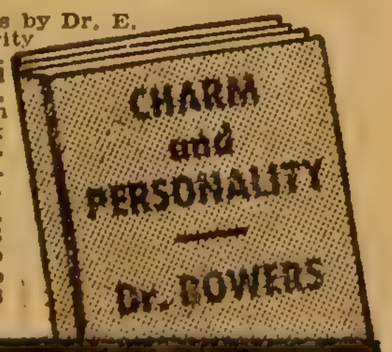

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Love Is A Stranger

(*Continued from page 27*)

Someone else said, admiringly: "That's the girl, Maida. Good riddance."

Only Page Sanders wasn't laughing. The look on his face was understanding —too understanding—as though he saw right through the bright veneer of my eyes and my smile, and there was an undercurrent of sympathy that came from him that was more intolerable than all the careless, heedless barbs of my friends. How did he dare see like that below the surface to where my heart thudded in pain at every mention of Tom Bruff's name?

But when it came time that I could take my leave I found Page Sanders waiting for me. And he insisted on walking with me up the steep flight of steps cut into the hillside, to my own little apartment.

I resented his coming but I was grateful that he didn't seem to want to talk. The tears and the misery were so close behind my eyes I was sure one word would make them spill over. A party like this one reminded me too sharply of Tom, who loved parties more than anyone I had ever known.

IT had been a week since that letter had come from Tom, but it might just as well be yesterday, so unreal did it seem to me. The hurt was just as piercing and the sense of loss just as unbelievable. Even the stumbling words of that letter were as vivid to me as if I were holding the short note in my hand at that moment.

"—don't know how to tell you, Maida —I will always love you—think of you as the sweetest person I have ever known—Annalee and I grew up together in Verdena—I hope you will forgive me and like her—my wife—"

"Remember me?" a voice broke in on my thoughts. A hand slipped through my arm. "I'm Page Sanders—the man you met tonight. I'm walking you home, or I thought I was, but you're so far away it's like walking with a ghost. Are you thinking of that Tom Somebody, the one you were engaged to?"

"The one who jilted me, you mean," I said, brutally. And then hurried to cover up my anger with flipness. "That's what girls get for going into things with their eyes closed. From now on, I keep mine open and wide-awake. No more soft lights and romance for me, thank you. I don't want any more stardust getting in my way."

We had reached my apartment and my hand was on the doorknob now. He still had his hand through my arm.

And suddenly he drew me close to him. His other hand tilted up my chin. The eyes that looked into mine were tender ones, with a sympathy and an almost-admiration that I found hard to meet.

"Keep it up, Maida," he said, gently. "Keep the banners flying. But don't kid yourself that you're hard-boiled and tough. Maybe you think you can keep away from stardust, but that stuff comes in handfuls from your heart and there's nothing you can do about it. And I don't think you have your eyes open even yet. I don't think you've given this Tom up."

Then he was gone.

I stumbled into the house but the tears I had held in so long were coming now in a flood.

I dropped on my knees by the sofa and then I let myself go. All the heartache and the pain I had kept shoaled

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up in me now burst in a floodtide. I cried, my body shaking with the sobs, until I could cry no more.

Oh, Tom, how could you do it? How could that girl have blinded you so that you could forget how terribly we loved each other, how desperately we needed each other?

I hated Page Sanders who had unlocked the dam for my tears and who had torn down the wall I had built around my heart.

I woke the next morning feeling weak but calmer than I had for some time. It was a Sunday and I had been dreading it all week—a whole day without a job to occupy my mind. Breakfast was almost over when the phone rang.

It was Page Sanders.

"What are your plans for the day?" he asked abruptly. "I'm a newcomer in San Francisco, you know, and here's the whole beautiful, cockeyed town spread out at my feet and no one to show it to me." He had a lazy, good-humored charm that was ingratiating.

But I wasn't having any. "No, thank you, Mr. Sanders. I have some things to do today. I must wash my hair."

"Ridiculous!" He snorted in a very masculine way.

The idea of washing my hair seemed like a good one, though it had only been an excuse to Page. I went about it quickly and was rubbing my thick black hair vigorously when the doorbell rang. I wrapped a towel around my head and went to answer it.

"Oh! Look—Mr. Sanders!—I said I was busy today!"

Being conscious of what an unattractive figure I made with my face shining from soap and water and my hair wadded up in a towel and an old terry-cloth bathrobe wrapped around me, didn't help my temper any. I was furious.

But he just stood there, smiling at me. "You couldn't have the heart to let me go off and ride those dangerous cable cars all by myself. And what fun is it to prowl around Fisherman's Wharf or Chinatown or—or—" he hastily consulted a map of San Francisco from his pocket— "or the Golden Gate Bridge when you're alone? Besides, you San Franciscans have a reputation for hospitality that is falling to pieces right before my eyes. You're letting me down."

In spite of myself, I couldn't help laughing. And once I laughed, of course, Page's battle was won: I dried my hair, and changed into a suit.

WE never got as far as the Golden Gate. We dawdled so long at Fisherman's Wharf, stuffing ourselves on lobster and clams, reading the names on the tiny white and blue and red-trimmed fishing boats, chatting with the fat Italian owner of one who promised to take us out the next time we came down, and just strolling around with the good sea air in our faces, the hills at our backs and the blue waters gleaming in the Bay, that there was no time for anything but the cable car ride back to town.

It was fun, showing Page the city.

But later, when we went to that lovely lounge and cocktail room high on the top floor of one of San Francisco's hotels, it was different. This had been Tom's favorite place. It had marked our first date—our first quarrel—our first making-up.

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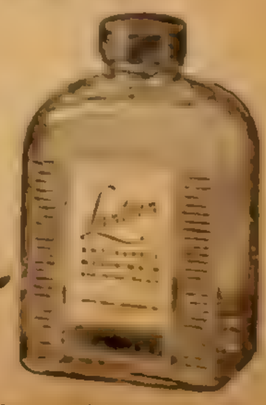

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nights like this, when it was clear, the thousand-jewel lights below twinkled and gleamed; the graceful spans of the bridges were brilliant arches thrown across the dark waters. It was breath-taking.

He was watching me. "Been here before—with Tom?" he asked. And I wondered again how such a nice person could be so brutal as to keep mentioning that name. "Old memories coming back and haunting you, Maida? It's a good idea to face those ghosts."

I found I could actually speak of Tom to Page. I could tell him a little about how we used to come here and watch those lights and plan our futures—those futures that were going to conquer the city that so literally lay at our feet.

BUT all the time I was talking to Page I was dimly conscious of a kind of warfare going on between us. When I talked of Tom it was of the past—and the past was more real to me than the present. But Page never let me lose sight of the fact that Tom was married and that things were different now. I resented that and I was glad when, finally, fog began drifting in and finally blanketed the windows and Page changed the subject to himself.

"—so I started in on a little small-town newspaper as a kid, first delivering papers after school and then moving up to doing everything but sweep out the place. When the war came I had started working for the news syndicate and was just getting going and then the first thing I knew I was doing an oblique-right-and-left for Uncle Sam. They made me a sergeant at New Guinea and then I got knocked out at Iwo and came home. Back to the news desk and then transferred to San Francisco."

He smiled, but this time there was a hint of what he had been through in the war behind that smile, a hint of horrible things seen that he wouldn't speak of, of death stalking across a lonely Pacific island. I was jarred out of my selfish absorption and for the first time I was seeing Page as a person. I saw his strength—that lazy, graceful strength that I sensed could be as comforting as a sturdy oak, or as dangerous as a hidden weapon. I knew that he would never talk about himself or how he had received the wound that had sent him home.

I was really seeing Page Sanders clearly. Broad-shouldered, lean in the waist and hips, thin-faced with lines that spoke of humor and reticence and reliability. It's odd, I thought, but he reminds me of a doctor. Or perhaps it was something about his watchful manner towards me that gave me that impression.

"Like what you see?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes. Very much, Page." I said it without thinking and then there followed one of those queer, close moments such as we had had last night when we first met. Our eyes seemed to look deep into each other's and our awareness of each other was almost intimacy. Hastily I looked away. And just as hastily he embarked on a rambling, amusing tale of newspaper life.

My feeling about Page Sanders being like a doctor persisted, though, during the next two weeks. Partly it was his half-teasing, altogether maddening way of dragging Tom—and Tom's marriage—into the conversation. As though he would make the name as ordinary to us as an old shoe.

Then, too, like a doctor he made me

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"take the cure." And the cure to Page meant going out a lot and seeing people. He refused to let me crawl away into a corner to nurse my broken heart.

And gradually I began to take a little interest in life and in my job and my friends again. It was easier now that, in the short space of ten days, my friends began saying "Page and Maida" when they made up their invitation list —not worrying what to do with me now that Tom wasn't there.

The cure was not a real one. I still found myself listening for Tom's step outside my apartment and caught myself searching for his head, unconsciously, at parties. There was still that stubborn disbelief inside me that Tom could really be lost to me.

I was not even in the convalescent stage, as I found out one night.

Page had come round to pick me up. We were just going out the door, headed for Chinatown and a chowmein dinner, when the phone rang.

I picked up the receiver, said a quick 'hello'—and then my heart suddenly stopped beating. I would have known that voice any time, anywhere.

"Maida? This is Tom." That hesitant, that boyishly-penitent tone I knew so well!

"Tom—?" It was scarcely a sound, more like a breath, from me.

"Yes. Look, Maida—dear—" he plunged into a flurry of words—"I had to call you. I've missed hearing your voice. And there was something I wanted to tell you. Are you listening?"

"Yes." I found I was gripping the receiver so hard my hand ached. But I couldn't relax. I couldn't do anything but stand there in a suspended daze—afraid to move—afraid to say anything. Afraid Tom would stop talking, yet dreading what he would say if he went on.

"I know I've acted badly, Maida. You have a right to hate me—and I don't want to hurt you any more than I have. That's why I wanted to tell you that I may have to come back to San Francisco right away. There's a job opening up with West Coast Importing that just suits me. But I won't come if you would rather I wouldn't. I—we'd be running into each other all the time, knowing the same people, and if you'd rather not see me—"

RATHER not see him! *Oh, Tom—if I could just see you again—just once*—"Don't be foolish, Tom. Of course, you must come back," I managed to say. "Where are you now?"

But he didn't answer me. For a moment I thought the line had gone dead—and then I heard his whisper. Low and thrilling and intimate—words I had almost thought I would never hear again—*"Are you with me, Maida?"*

I let the receiver fall back on its hook with nerveless fingers and then I was stumbling into Page's arms, the shock and the reaction making me tremble all over.

"Hold on, Maida." Page's voice was indescribably gentle. "Take ten deep breaths. Here—come over to this couch. That was Tom, wasn't it?"

"Yes." The necessity for speaking steadied the world that had been spinning around me. But only a little. I was not a hysterical person but now I had a strange desire to cry and scream —because it had been Tom and he had been so close for a moment and yet I hadn't been able to touch him or see that laughing handsome face or that lock of brown hair that used to fall over the eye and that made me want to brush it back—and I wanted to laugh and sing, too. Because he was coming

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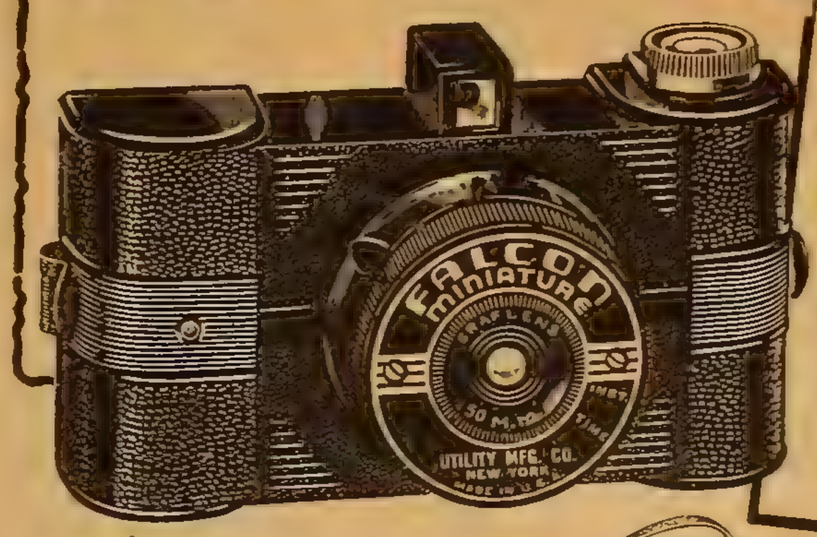

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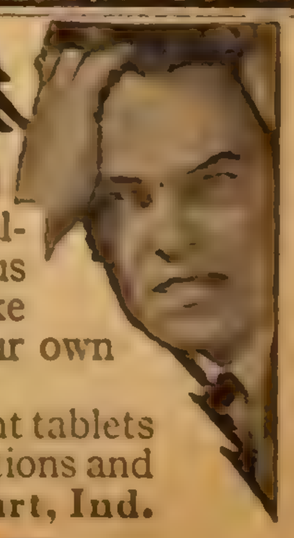

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back and because he had said to me: *Are you with me, Maida?*

"He's coming back here, Page. Back to San Francisco, soon."

. . "*They* are coming back here," he reminded me, slowly.

I had forgotten. Actually, I had forgotten that when Tom came back he would be bringing Annalee, his wife.

"Tom's coming back to me. He's coming back to me, Page. He said so. He said 'Are you with me, Maida?' You don't understand. That was our little secret password and it meant everything—it meant *'Isn't life wonderful?'* and *'Is everything all right, darling?'* and *'Do you love me?'* He wouldn't have said that if he hadn't meant—oh, you don't understand, Page!"

Now I was crying and Page was holding me tight. "No, I don't and I'm afraid you don't either, my darling. You're trying to shut your eyes and pretend that Tom isn't married, or if he is, that it's just a little mistake." He was silent for a moment and then he spoke again. "I think you need a vacation. I think you need to get away. Didn't you say that friend of yours, Bella Macklin, has invited you down for a weekend at Carmel-by-the-Sea? I think you should go."

"SHE invited us both, Page," I answered, listlessly. How could I make him see that I was all right—that I knew Tom needed me, and only me? We were made for each other. "But I refused several days ago. I used to go there to her parties but this time —"

"Well, I think you should go, anyway. Send her a night letter and tomorrow morning I'll drive you down. I have a story to do there in Carmel, anyway. It's an interview I've been putting off and tomorrow's as good a time as any other."

Page took care of all the details. He wired the Macklins and even stood over me while I packed a bag, before he left to catch a few hours of sleep.

Early next morning we set out. I had slept but it had been a drugged, nightmarish sleep, so I dozed nearly all the way down to Carmel. I only came awake when we halted by the side of Bella Macklin's rambling, comfortable seaside cottage.

"I'll leave you here," Page told me, "and go get my chore over with. But I'll be back probably later this afternoon or evening."

His kiss was light and comforting on my cheek. Doctor Sanders! I almost smiled going up the flagstone steps, carrying my light suitcase.

But the smile died away when I confronted Bella at the door. Confronted is the word, because if I didn't know her better I would have thought I was unwelcome and unwanted.

"Don't look at me as if I were the man from Mars, Bella," I told her, a little annoyed, when she didn't move and ask me in. "I know I should have let you know sooner that I was coming but I've dropped in on you before like this without any invitation at all. Isn't a night letter sufficient warning?"

Bella made a strangled noise in her throat. She was a generous hostess, but now she seemed to have lost possession of her senses.

"—night letter? I didn't get—I didn't know—you said you couldn't come—they just arrived last night—oh, Maida!" this last on a wail. But she stepped aside and let me come in.

And the first person I saw was Tom. The second was the fair girl who stood at his side, her hand in his arm, her face turned up to his adoringly. I

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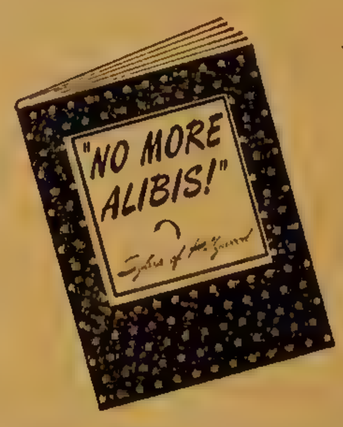

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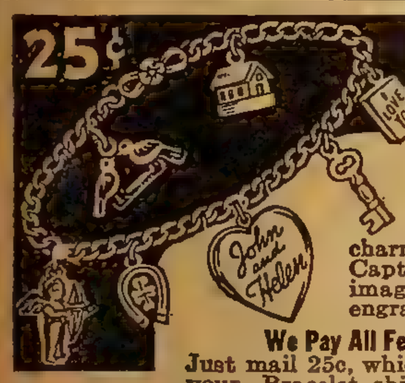

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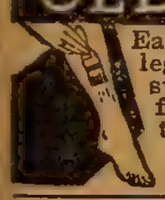

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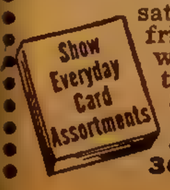

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didn't need to be told who she was. This was Annalee.

Now all that flippancy, that hardness of manner I had been cultivating stood me in good stead. I wanted to drop that suitcase and run—run until I could get the sight of them out of my eyes—run until I could find Page and his strong, comforting arms.

But I didn't. I found myself smiling, saying hello, allowing myself to be introduced to the three other people in the room—and finally suffering myself to be led up to where Tom stood, frozen, beside his wife.

And suddenly I felt a strange surge of crazy power and hope go through me. This—*this* was Annalee?

This quiet, mousy, plain little creature who looked like a sober wren beside the gay, colorful charm that radiated from Tom? This girl who looked so out of place in this room full of chattering, self-possessed people? Hate her? Hate Annalee? No—you couldn't hate Tom's wife. But you could ignore her.

I said a polite hello and turned to Tom.

He looked just the same. The same, square, youthful body. The same winning smile. And the eyes that were fastened on me were full of admiration and there was also in his smile a definite bid for my forgiveness and for my liking. And I smiled back at him. There leaped between us that electric herald of excitement that had always come—that mutual feeling that seemed to shout at each other—"Let's go!"

But it wasn't quite the same because Annalee was there. I could ignore her. I could walk away with Tom and our talk was as it had always been, eager and quick; our laughter rang out together—but it wasn't the same. Behind me I could see that Annalee was following her husband with adoring eyes, and me with puzzled ones.

So no one had told her I had once been engaged to Tom!

I TURNED back to him. I hadn't forgotten how handsome he was—but I had forgotten his charm and his way of blotting out the world so that we could be alone in a crowd.

"Maida, I've been wanting to talk to you. I need your advice about this job. You always know the right approach for me. Oh—Maida! You're lovelier than when I saw you last. No one has the right to have that shade of blue eyes with coal-black hair. It's too dangerous a combination." And he stopped smiling to look down at me with something in his eyes that was both a question and a command.

For just a second everything seemed to stand still.

He still loves me! That was the message that suddenly pounded through my veins. He still cared for me—and, looking at Annalee—I went back to my original suspicion that somehow she must have hoodwinked him into marriage. With this clear, compelling attraction between us—between Tom and me—I had no doubt then that it was I he still loved and not his wife.

Carefully we avoided any mention of his marriage. We picked up our interests and our jokes and our little secret language as if nothing had happened. For a while it was as if Annalee had never existed. And the happiness in my heart was a foolish, shimmering bubble, but I closed my eyes to reality and prayed it wouldn't burst too soon.

Of course it didn't last. Actually we only had a short half-hour or so before we were interrupted and drawn into the general circle. But even then

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I hugged to myself the knowledge that Tom was still in love with me. Somehow things would work out and this mistake of a marriage he had made would have to be called off. I couldn't misunderstand that message in Tom's eyes.

Dinner was an informal affair served on plates around the fire, and somehow I found myself sitting next to Annalee.

She said very little at first, but gradually, as the talk drifted around to friends we knew, she put in a word now and then that made me wonder if she didn't have a warm instinct for people. I was barely listening, until I realized they were talking about Jean and her taste in re-decorating rooms.

"I don't know her, but I know the type," Annalee put in quietly. "There's a girl in Verdena who acts that way and I feel sorry for her. I wonder if—you know she usually redecorates her house just after some disappointment or some kind of trouble. It's as if she couldn't face it squarely and she thinks if her surroundings are different then that particular trouble can't ever happen to her again."

I LOOKED at Annalee, startled. It was so penetrating an analysis of Jean and her changing "auras" and "vibrations."

Annalee went on. "I feel sorry for people like that. They are usually so alone. If they had an anchor—someone who understood them, it might be different."

And unwilling admiration, even liking, for this wife of Tom's stirred in me. In the midst of this careless-thinking group of people whose talk scarcely ever went below the surface of things, her thoughts and her ideas commanded respect. She could laugh, too, as I found out—and she could hold up her own end under teasing. The odd thing, I was compelled to admit, as dinner went on, was that Annalee and I laughed at the same things, thought so much the same way, and even said the same things. If it hadn't been that she was Tom's wife, I would have said we were much the same kind of people.

And if it hadn't been for Tom sitting across the room, his eyes caressing me with every look.

Somehow though, that wonderful, unthinking happiness that had possessed me at first now had a tinge of doubt in it. Annalee was no thief. She was honest and straightforward. She had not set out to deliberately take Tom from the girl he was engaged to.

Then—what was I planning to do! But I shut my heart to that doubt. If Annalee was honest and plain-speaking, she would want the truth from Tom and me. She would want to know that we still loved each other. She would rather be hurt now—quickly—than drag through a marriage that was no marriage at all. Surely, she must know already that something was missing—the something that Tom and I had to offer each other.

I volunteered to wash the dishes because I thought that would give me a little time to sort out my thoughts.

To my dismay, Annalee volunteered too. And we had scarcely scraped the plates and stacked them when Page appeared.

"No, thanks," to our offer of food, "I ate in town. But I'll be generous and help you with the K.P."

"All right." Annalee accepted—and when she smiled she was almost pretty. "I'll wash and you two can dry. A bride isn't supposed to have dishwater hands, but I love the feel of sudsy

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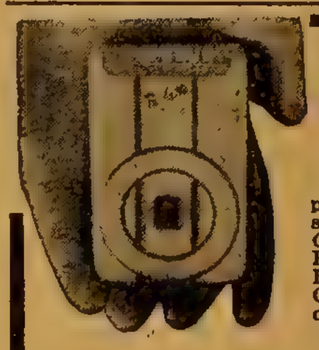

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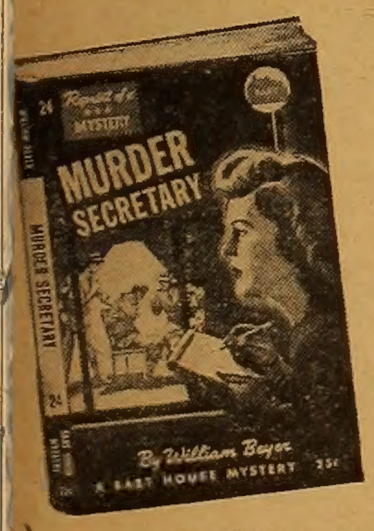

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water. And, anyway, Tom didn't marry me for my looks."

"Tom—!" Page stood stock-still, holding the towel.

"Yes," Annalee replied, shyly, but proudly. "I'm Mrs. Tom Bruff. I know who you are—Page Sanders—because Maida here mentioned you."

But I felt numb inside. That shining pride in Annalee's face was like a splinter driven into my consciousness. No matter how much I told myself that she would have to be told the truth, that she would have to be hurt a little to save her from being hurt a lot—I couldn't escape the feeling of treachery, of wanton cruelty on my part.

I couldn't let myself like her!

If only Page and I were alone! I wanted to talk to him even more than to Tom. Yet, for all that he stood so near, for the first time since I had known him, I had no sense of being at one with Page. Something in him had withdrawn from me. It was as if he were saying: *"This is up to you, Maida. This is your problem."*

He talked to her and I sensed the liking between them. They were the same kind of people, too.

"I've always thought newspaper work would be exciting," Annalee was saying, "but doesn't it require strength to see all you see and report it honestly and fairly, without taking sides?"

I felt as if I were miles away from them. I wasn't used to deceit or concealing my thoughts. I could only go on slowly wiping one dish after another, concentrating on keeping my hands steady.

Page was answering her. "Yes, it's hard sometimes. Your own opinions get involved. But personal integrity, to me, is the most important thing in the world. After what I see day after day, it's more important, even, than love or passion or pride."

Those words were meant for me but I was too confused to sort them out. Personal integrity? Was it integrity, then, for me to give Tom up simply because Annalee was a nice girl and I didn't want to hurt her? Or was it integrity for me to tell her the truth?

We were running out of dry towels now and Bella called in from the living-room.

"There are dry ones out on the back porch. Hanging on the line!"

I WAS right behind Page when he opened the door. Otherwise I might not have seen what I did!—because he slammed it shut quickly and stood with his back to it as if he would keep us from going out there—keep us from seeing what he had seen!

But it was too late. I had seen and so had Annalee.

Those two figures out there—Tom—! Tom and a girl, close in each other's arms, unseeing and uncaring, out there in the dark of the porch. He had been kissing her.

The man I loved—the man who was Annalee's husband—holding in his arms a red-headed girl he had only met that same evening, and caring so little for another's pain that he would seek his little rendezvous hardly ten feet from where his wife had stood.

I was still staring at Page in horror, and now that horror was all mixed up with other things—with anger at Tom and shame and disgust for myself and a great overwhelming pity for Annalee.

Page picked up another dish, not seeing it, and then laid it down to put his hand awkwardly on her shoulder.

"Sorry, Annalee." I guess he realized it was foolish to pretend we hadn't

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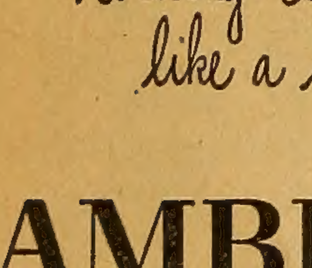

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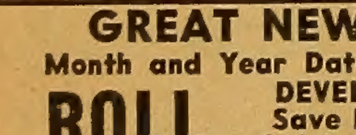

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seen. It would have made things painful.

She had been standing with her back to us, hunched over the sink, and she flinched when he touched her. But the face she turned to us slowly was a serene one in spite of the emptiness in the back of her eyes.

"It's all right, Page." She even tried to smile. "Don't be sorry for me. You see, I know Tom very well and I knew when I married him what it would be like. We grew up together and he used to break my heart regularly when we were first going together. But he would always come back to me.

"And when he came back to me this last time, from San Francisco, I had to make up my mind that Tom would never change. There's a part of him that can't help responding to women when they smile at him and he can't help flirting with them. It's part of his charm and his weakness. His mother brought him up to feel that men were supposed to act that way with women and then they would be willing to spoil him and let him have his way and make a fuss over him. Tom's never grown up.

"BUT he always comes back to me. That was the one sure, strong thing in my life and in his. He had to have me to come home to and I love Tom very much. That makes up for everything and anything."

She seemed to have recovered herself completely now and her hands were again busy in the soapy water. There was a light kindling behind that emptiness in her eyes. "None of those —those stolen kisses—can matter to me if I don't let it. It can't touch the inner core of real love that only Tom and I share between us."

"You see," she went on, quietly, "it's like a person getting sick. He can't help himself. And when he gets tired of the girl or is ashamed of himself, then I know the signs that he is convalescing." A light blazed up in her eyes. "We have a little secret signal we made up for just the two of us. When Tom says 'Are you with me, Annalee?' then I know he is telling me he loves me—and only me."

I don't know how, in that sudden shock, I kept from blurting out the cheap, sordid truth to her. I was so enraged at Tom that my first instinct was to strip even this last bit of deceit from before her eyes. He had said that to her—and to me—and to how many other women—and we had all believed it was just for us!

For hours I paced my room. The house below me wound up in a burst of loud goodnights and finally it was quiet, with everyone in bed. And still I paced my room, my thoughts keeping horrible parade with my steps.

It was shame and humiliation that peered over my shoulders, laughing their jeering mockery into my ears. I had believed in Tom—so much so that I had denied even his marriage and the evidence before my eyes. Now I knew that he looked at other women the same way—and it meant nothing.

But Tom was Annalee's problem, now. I wasn't surprised to find that my love for him had been wiped out in that second. He had done the unforgivable.

Then—by Annalee's standards—had I ever really loved Tom? Enough to stand by him and take him back and overlook that inner weakness that he couldn't help, that was so much a part of Tom himself? I hadn't seen that in Tom. To me he had been an irresponsible boy who had needed my companionship, my gaiety to match his, my feeling for him that had been compounded of pleasure and parties and reckless, rosy dreams.

Loving Tom had just meant to me a feeling of being indispensable. So much so that I couldn't believe he could go off and marry someone else. So much so that I was willing to take him away, if I could, from the girl he had married. It was Annalee who was really indispensable to Tom—but not because it flattered her but because she loved him enough to really understand him.

I saw how right Page had been to so ruthlessly discuss Tom with me these past two weeks. He had tried to make me accept Tom as married; he had tried to make me give up something I never really had.

Page Sanders. Good friend. The "doctor." But that wasn't what I was remembering now. Inside me there was an ache for his strong arms that had held me so comfortingly and for his clean laughter and his smile and that sober, intent look we had shared that had meant our closeness together. I wanted Page—but the shame I felt made me unworthy to go to him.

But I couldn't stand that room any longer. Quietly I stole downstairs to where a log still smoldered in the fireplace. It was dark there but warm and I made for the big armchair by the hearth.

I had just touched it when it seemed to come to life. A figure stirred and a head rose up above its tall back. I gasped with fright.

"Maida." His hand pulled me over to him.

"Oh, Page!" That peace stole over me!

"You couldn't sleep either?" he asked, tenderly. "I have a feeling there are several wakeful people in this house tonight." Except for his hand on mine he was still withdrawn and watchful. "Is it very bad, Maida? The truth can be pretty painful, I know."

"It doesn't hurt at all, Page. Not really—just my pride. I must have fallen out of love with Tom a long time ago and all I was clinging to was the outward form of the excitement and the fun and the dazzle that goes with being around him. But it doesn't hurt."

"I COULD have told you that a week ago." Now he had drawn me close to him and my heart was beating hard under his. "I knew the first signs when you fell out of love, darling, but that spell of his kept getting in my way. If someone had said 'Are you with me, Maida?' it would have been to me you would have turned because your heart had already moved over here. You didn't know it and you thought you had to go on living in the same old place."

His lips met mine. I had never kissed Page Sanders like this before. I had only the memory of Tom's ardent lips to guide me. But I knew immediately that this was an experience I had never shared with anyone—this swift, mounting intensity that hid his solidness, the only real thing in a world that was clouds swirling around me—this wonderful new strength within me that was weakness—and the clinging weakness of my arms that was strength, itself. The hard, insistent pressure of his mouth that sent a fever through me. The dearness, the nearness, the rightful sense of belonging.

"Remember, darling—" he murmured after a while, his lips on my closed eyelids—"remember once you told me next time you were keeping your eyes open? Look at them now, Maida. They're loaded down with stardust, darling."

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